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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Hard to Please

VERILY, the tergiversations and the tumbling acts of the human mind pass understanding. *The Nation,* for example, has carried on, in the past, some very intelligent opposition to the more specialized sociological critics of literature. Both Henry Hazlitt and Joseph Wood Krutch have chastised those who rate fiction accordingly as the hero represents all the communist virtues and the villain all the capitalist vices. A "burning and imperishable epic" about a southern strike may, they argue, prove to be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of its day; and anyone who has visited the recent revival of "Uncle Tom" by the Players Club will know how such stuff dates. With this type of opposition in mind, it was more than astounding to come upon Mr. Krutch's review of Jules Romains's "Men of Good Will" in *The Nation* Summer Book Section of June 14.

Now Romains, one would suppose, is attempting to write the very sort of sociological fiction which ought to please both Mr. Krutch and *The Nation.* That is, he is attempting to let his characters speak for themselves. If these characters imply a judgment about the quality of our civilization, that quality emerges in overtones from talk and action; it is not the appended moral of the author. Mr. Krutch's conclusion, when presented with two people—Quinette, the book-binder, and Wazemmes, the fledgling real estate operator—who have no black-and-white, obvious relationship to the Parisian society which swirls about them, is that Romains, instead of writing good sociological fiction, is in reality dealing with two eccentrics. Lord, Lord! If Romains had related Quinette or Wazemmes any more definitely to the political or economic situation, he would be falling for the very type of writing which *The Nation,* through Mr. Krutch and Mr. Hazlitt, has so often thwacked roundly.

Some years ago Mr. Krutch wrote a book called "The Modern Temper." In it he summed up, in persuasive terms, the dilemma of the modern intellectual who, because such values as love and chivalry had been reduced to statement in chemical terms, had arrived at the conclusion that we were living in a "devaluated world." Now what is Quinette but the very symbol, the archetype, of Mr. Krutch's frustrated "intellectual?" Because Quinette has been inveigled—by a process which we are not permitted to know, since Romains is picking him up relatively late in life—into intellectual activity which draws off the energy that should have gone into sex, this unhappy book-binder is led into an impasse which any student of the theory underlying "The Modern Temper" should recognize. Quinette is the intellectual, confronted by barrenness, who is forced to shatter the mould of his frustration by action, *any* action. He is Hemingway seeking surcease in bull-fighting, Harold Stearns looking for escape at the French race-tracks, any number of esthetes turning to the Communist Party. He is, in short, caught up in the "modern temper." But he has no values upon which to act; hence the rather unmotivated decisions which Mr. Krutch complains about. Quinette, we repeat, is, most definitely, a symbol, an implicit criticism of a society. Would Mr. Krutch have the moral stated in plainer terms?

Similarly with Wazemmes, the apprentice. Mr. Krutch calls him "vain and fool-

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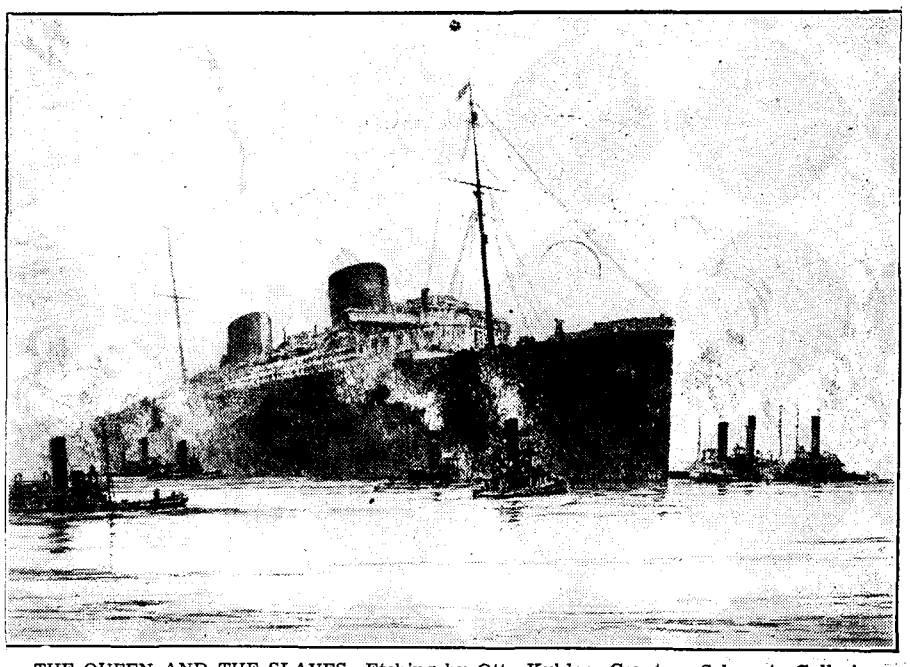

THE QUEEN AND THE SLAVES—Etching by Otto Kuhler—Courtesy Schwartz Galleries

The Sentimental Journeyers

By FRANK SCHOONMAKER

THE American traveler has been known, at least since April 1917, as a prize sap. Considered as a type, he has few of the obvious faults of other travelers: he may be rude, but he finds it impossible to achieve the studied superciliousness and discourtesy of the Britisher abroad; he may be noisy, but for sheer blatant noisiness he is not in the class with those preposterous Teutons who, togged out in knickers and starched collars, stare soulfully at the buildings of San Remo between glances into Baedeker; he may complain and bicker over trifles, but in this field he is by temperament and upbringing simply not equipped to compete with those occasional Frenchmen who practice *le grand tourisme* outside of France. In brief, the American tourist is not particularly objectionable. He is just (we may as well be frank about it) a sap.

Save in his more intolerant moments, when he relapses into the complacent oratory of the American hinterland, he sentimentalizes everything. Perhaps, in view of the fact that about sixty percent of the Americans who go abroad are women, it would be more accurate to say *she.* Let us compromise and say *they.* Well, they sentimentalize everything . . . the funny little trains and the quaint little inns and the folksy hotel keepers and the French oxen that never have "peaceful eyes" and the "ducky little lanes" (Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene) and the "lovely liquid Italian which almost sings itself" (Miss Clara Laughlin). They spent, during the four-year reign of the Great Engineer, very nearly three billion dollars in foreign countries; they undoubtedly got something in return, but they failed utterly to get what it was supremely important that they should get—some sort of antidote for the provincial attitude; and today in Europe if you want to go to a place where there exists no prejudice against individual Americans, you have to go to a place which possesses what Miss Laughlin is pleased to call "off-the-beaten-trackness."

It would obviously be unfair to lay the blame for all this at the door of those nice chatty little travel books that Americans insist on carrying round; had there never been a demand, such books would never have been written, and the sentimentality of the American guidebooks reflects, rather than inspires, the sentimentality of the American traveler. The fact remains that of all the travel books published in the world, those published in the United States are by all odds the worst; with a few notable and rare exceptions they are not only amateurish but superficial—with that terrifying, effusive superficiality which is characteristic of all that is most despicable in American thinking. This would not matter if travel books were read chiefly by yokels; nor would it matter if our more enlightened critics felt it worth their while to speak their mind from time to time on this subject. But travel books are read by those of our compatriots whom we are accustomed to regard as civilized; and travel books, up to the present, have for some reason escaped the attention of the intelligent book reviewer.

So what happens? Well, this is what happens. An intelligent person decides to go abroad; he goes into a bookshop in the hope of securing a straightforward and informative volume or two on the countries he expects to visit; he shys off from a few of the more obviously sentimental titles; he comes out with, let's say, "So You're Going to Italy" and "So You're

(*Continued on next page*)

Lilacs

By LAURA BENÉT

THE chasteness of death,
The full rapture of birth
Breathe again in your breath
Simple thing of the earth!

In your healing scent,—
Straight growing green bush,
Lies the brave element
Of a waterfall's rush.

As bright showers reckon
Starved life of the wild,
Your fragrances beckon
The sorriest child.

The country's mauve youth,—
Its age's white spring—
Witness their truth
In one brief blossoming.

Rome Had No Potatoes

THE LIFE OF CÆSAR. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Translated by A. E. ZIMMERN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

WHAT was once the first two volumes of Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" is now reissued with some abridgment in one volume, for a moral purpose. The author explains that thirty years ago he unconsciously wrote "the anti-Fascist, or if the reader prefers, the anti-Bolshevist history of Julius Cæsar." It is republished to "dissipate the romantic legend of the hero-usurper and the savior-tyrant"; to show that "usurpation is not a solution, but only an extreme complication of an already difficult situation, which the advent of a usurper renders insoluble save by a catastrophe."

This is a worthy purpose, and quite intelligible, in an Italian exile. But Sir Henry Stuart Jones has said something to the effect that every man's judgment of Cæsar will depend on his philosophy of life; and that major judgment is likely to color his conclusions on the many controverted details of Cæsar's career, even if he is an exact and scrupulous scholar. Ferrero has seldom been called that; he is rather the Emil Ludwig of history. If you want brilliant writing, exciting reading, this is the book for you; but if you want to find out about Cæsar you had better read somebody else— or several somebodies. Ferrero's concept of Cæsar is a useful antidote to Mommsen's tendencious adulation; but his version of the Gallic wars is romance rather than history, his theories of Cæsar's intentions at the outbreak of the Civil War and after his triumph are seriously debatable; and his major thesis that the usurpation settled nothing is defensible only this far, that it was no affirmative and final solution. It swept away a tremendous amount of obsolete rubbish, political and ideological; without it, Augustus could neither have done what he did, nor would he have known what he must avoid at all costs.

Which is not to deny Ferrero's merits.

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This Week

THE WRECK OF REPARATIONS
By J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT
Reviewed by William MacDonald

THE FRAMEWORK OF AN ORDERED SOCIETY
By SIR ARTHUR SALTER
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

MY AMERICAN FRIENDS
By L. P. JACKS
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY
Compiled by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS
By HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND
Reviewed by Stanley Went

THE NEW BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE
By SIR JAMES JEANS
Reviewed by Henry Hart

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: VIII
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND
By A. G. MacDONELL
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

Next Week, or Later

INTERNAL DEBTS OF THE U. S.
An Essay Review by LAWRENCE DENNIS

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Going to France"—the works of that high priestess of the bedtime travel bookie cult, Miss Clara Laughlin.

Seated in a deck chair a week later, he starts reading. He discovers that Miss Laughlin runs a travel bureau, that she suggests traveling through France in a private car named Pegasus ("Peggy" for short) to the tune of eighteen or twenty berries a day, that in every town she unerringly escorts one to the most expensive hotel, in search of "creature comforts" ("your Hotel de la Cité" in Carcassonne, for example). He notices that in a general book on France she fails to mention Amiens (which has one of the ten best Gothic cathedrals in the world) or ...louse (one of the most interesting of ...es). He finds that Miss Laughlin be...es that "We (not Lindy's 'We,' but *our* ...e'!) 'can be the best ambassadors'" and that "any of you who would like to use the new luggage labels, 'Traveling the Clara Laughlin Way' . . . may have some of them from either of my offices." (The punctuation in the above is, God knows, Miss Laughlin's and not mine.)

CUSTOMS INSPECTION

If our traveler does not at this point cry out "So You're Going to the Bottom of the Atlantic!" and throw the books overboard, he may possibly decide to "travel the Clara Laughlin Way" and set out for a "happy, folksy time." He has precisely that. "Folksy" and "sentient" are Miss Laughlin's favorite adjectives, "feel" (occasionally in italics) her favorite verb, and the English language is inadequate to express her feeling for the exclamation point as a form of punctuation. Seen through Miss Laughlin's eyes, Europe ceases to be the cultural center of the Western world, and changes miraculously into a place "where it all comes true." Julius Cæsar becomes "Uncle Julius" and his program is directed wholly to winning "a vast support from the 'peepul'"; Pompey is "*such* a 'rising young man'"; and it would have made your "'third year Latin' more folksy and more thrilling to have imagined how the neighbors must have discussed Cicero's startling, scathing charges against Catiline." Now wouldn't it?

Our boys, who went overseas to "make the world safe to live in" were "young Crusaders"; and here is Miss Laughlin face to face with what is possibly the worst of all American war memorials, in St. Nazaire . . .

> When I saw it, the ocean was intensely blue, and flecked with sunshine gold in all the little ripples that broke about the base of that upstanding rock. We said it was the dazzling light that made us blink—but it wasn't! For each of us, he's the One We Knew Best of All; and I think each of us must feel that exquisite justice has been done him.

Literature, too, comes in for its share of Tyrian tones, its quota of tears. Miss Laughlin, "dewy-eyed," visits the apartment in which Keats died.

> The only thing to do for any sentient soul, in those little rooms looking out on the Spanish Stairs, or out on that "slope of green access," is to leave it reverently to its own reflections and emotions. There, as much as any place on earth, we find when we drop our plummet line, what deeps are in us—or the reverse. The only possible things to do after coming out of the house wherein Keats died, are to drive straight out to the "camp of death" where bivouac those high-hearted ones "who waged contention with their time's decay"; or to go up the Spanish stairs (by elevator, if the climb's too much) to the Pincio . . .

This would seem rather rich and heavy food for a sea voyage. But even this, and even the coy little bedtime story phrases scattered through these "So You're Going" books ("hist'ry tales," "mem'ry pictures," "'tories," "Bluebeard's kitten-cat") might conceivably be excused if Miss Laughlin were extremely accurate. Unfortunately, accuracy is scarcely Miss Laughlin's forte. Let us be, for the moment, specific. On page 365 of "So You're Going to France" we are told that "indeed, good food is hard to find, except at Avignon and Arles, between Lyon and the Mediterranean coast." Now as it happens there are, between Lyon and Avignon, five of the finest provincial restaurants of France—in Vienne, Condrieu, Tain l'Hermitage, Lamastre, and Chateauneuf du Pape. On page 77 we are given extensive directions for reaching the church of St. Georges-de-Boscherville; we are advised, if lovers of architecture, to "take the river road instead of that which crosses the top of the Seine loop." In the first place, other than a sort of glorified cow path, there exists no river road; in the second place, the church in question, which Miss Laughlin must have passed without knowing it, lies on the only real road—that which "crosses the top of the Seine loop."

But enough of such petty fault-finding. It *is* the spirit that counts, and Miss Laughlin's heart is in the right place. Nor is Miss Laughlin a major offender as far as mistakes in foreign languages are concerned. In this field, a very rich one, Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene, whose "Lighthearted Journey" constitutes one of the most remarkable existing monuments to ignorance of the French language, is easily preëminent.

Throughout Mrs. Greene's incredible book (incredible largely because it bears the imprint of one of the oldest and most famous publishing houses in America, and because one would be predisposed to imagine that in most great publishing houses there are proofreaders who possess a schoolboy's familiarity with French) we find so common a word as *eau* used as a masculine noun more than fifteen times—"*eau chaud*," "*eau froid*," and "*eau courant*." We discover that there exists in one French town a "*Crédit de Tabac*"; and a French storekeeper tells our author that the pastry shop is farther on—"*lointain! lointain!*"

In the course of her lighthearted journey Mrs. Greene sails blithely by the Château of Blois (the stairway of Blois is of course one of the loveliest creations of the Renaissance in France). "Want to go in?" queries Mrs. Greene. "Heavens, no!" replies her daughter. So they go on down the road toward where Ra (Mrs. Greene's daughter, since her Egyptian studies, prefers to call the sun, "Ra") is in the young pines. Altogether we are quite content, after four hundred pages, to say with Mrs. Greene, "Good-bye, nice France."

It would, I am sorry to say, be a mistake to imagine that the publishers of "Lighthearted Journey" are unique in their willingness to accept an author's word on questions of French grammar. Throughout the vast majority of travel books that concern themselves with France, bad French proves the rule without being in any sense the exception. Elizabeth Shackleton, "Touring Through France," witnesses from the ramparts of Mont Saint Michel the celebrated phenomenon of the tide: "the sea comes," she says, "*le mare arrivé*." This of course makes no sense whatsoever, and "*le mare*" will not be found in Larousse or Littré. Ernest Newman, renowned as a travel lecturer, tells us that Parisians meet on the boulevards to give one another a friendly "*Bon matin*." And even Julian Street says that "*Nout' Bedaine*" (the name of a restaurant) is Parisian argot, when "*Nout'*" is not Parisian and "*Bedaine*" is certainly anything but argot.

In addition to the foregoing, the American traveler has at his disposal a whole annual crop of what might be called wives' tales — vivid little accounts of rambles undertaken by unliterary husbands and their literary wives. There are the books of Mrs. Regina Jais, who calls her volumes "Legendary Germany," "Legendary France"—and her husband, "My Pal"; of Mrs. Amy Oakley, who calls Mr. Oakley "Monsieur," of Mrs. Alice Van Leer Carrick who asks with unassailable logic "how could it rain in my heart, even if it rained in the city, when outside all Paris was waiting for me . . .?"

Essentially all of these, the wives' tales no less than the "So You're Goings," the long ones, the short ones, the lyrical and the dull, are cast in the same mould. The mould is a typically American (fortunately not the only typically American) state of mind: a state of mind which demands that everything—history and literature and cathedrals, rag-pickers and railways and death itself—be expressed in terms of personalities and anecdotes, and coated with banal and gossipy chit-chat.

It might in theory be possible to draw a line between travel books that are primarily books of travel, and those others which can be called, strictly speaking, guides; but fully half of the works mentioned above straddle such a line, no matter where one draws it. Guidebooks which pretend to be nothing else rarely find a place on the lists of American publishers; there are, as a matter of fact, two standard American guides to Europe, and only two. In justice to these (the "Satchel Guide" and "Stedman's Complete Pocket Guide") it must be said that both attempt the impossible. One can no more write a "complete" one-volume guide to Europe than one can see eight countries in six weeks abroad, or compress into a space of five feet, not only the foundations of an education, but the entire structure. But even when this is said, the fact remains that the "Satchel Guide" and "Stedman's" are about as poorly constructed and as totally inadequate as it would be possible for widely circulated guides to be.

Both preserve, despite numerous revisions since the war, the point of view and the flavor of thirty years ago. To read either is to be abruptly transported back to a period when Europe lay well outside the travel range of the average American, when crossing the Atlantic was considered an adventure not entirely devoid of danger, and when people still spoke respectfully of the "grand tour." Mr. Stedman, once we are abroad, leads us over as needlessly complicated an itinerary as was ever devised by man, taking us from Holland direct to Denmark, and entering Germany by way of Finland; he actually begins his chapter on Germany with the words, "The traveller coming to Germany from Finland may embark at Helsingfors. . . ." Messrs. Rolfe and Crockett, not to be outdone, preface a table entitled "Comparative Values of United States and European Moneys" with the remark "The following table is based upon the assumption that the various Eurpean moneys are at par—a condition that since the war has ceased to exist." In the table (which was included in annual editions down to 1930) we are told that the French franc and Swiss franc are worth the same amount (they have not been worth the same amount since 1917) and that the French franc's value is 19.6 cents (it was stabilized at 3.92 cents almost seven years ago).

We are advised by the authors of the "Satchel Guide" that "the hat for traveling should be small and becoming . . . the 'automobile veil,' gathered at the top and tied down over the hat and the 'back hair' is a veritable boon to a woman at sea as well as on shore"; and Mr. Stedman chimes in that "thin and high-heeled shoes should *not be worn in travel*" (the italics are his). Rolfe and Crockett, in describing Paris, list no restaurants except those of the *Duval* chain (in the gastronomic capital of the world one is apparently expected to eat only in the French equivalent of Childs); their Satchel Guide to "Europe" simply does not mention Spain at all. Meanwhile Mr. Stedman, in a half page devoted to the town of Haarlem, gives the hours of organ recitals in the church but fails to mention the fact that the local museum contains the greatest masterpieces of Franz Hals.

One could go on indefinitely citing absurdities of this sort—the fact that Messrs. Rolfe and Crockett say of the Papal Palace in Avignon that it is "known locally as the *Palais des Papes*," that Mr. Stedman, in describing Nancy, simply ignores the Place Stanislas (which is not only the most interesting thing in Nancy, but quite the finest eighteenth century square in Europe); and certainly such errors, whether of omission or of commission, cannot be excused in guides so well established that one has gone into fifty printings and the other into twenty-five. But in examining these, and in surveying the whole barren field of travel writing,

THE PASSENGER: HE PLAYS, HE LOUNGES, HE SLEEPS

The pictures on this page are from H. Glintenkamp's "A Wanderer in Woodcuts" (Farrar)

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one finds oneself less stirred to indignation than moved to feel a certain hitherto unsuspected sympathy for the tourists who continue to go abroad without guides or travel books of any kind. And yet there is no attitude more patently absurd than that of the person who regards himself as beyond the need for guidebooks.

I have, for example, a friend who is deeply interested in modern painting. Not long ago he made a trip through Northern Europe, spending some time in, among other cities, The Hague and Bremen. On his return he was deeply chagrined to learn that he had, for lack of a proper guidebook, missed in The Hague the finest collection of Van Goghs in the world, and, in Bremen, the second finest collection of the work of Toulouse-Lautrec. Another friend of mine, who is exceptionally fond of good food, passed through Nantes last summer, and dined on mediocre fare at his hotel, less than a hundred yards from Mainguy's, which is one of the best little restaurants in Europe.

All this would seem at first sight to be leading us into a hopeless blind alley—the American traveler, considered as a type, is a sentimental sap; knowing nothing about guidebooks, he purchases those that are "readable" and "chatty"; the publishers cater to this taste, bringing out folksy little volumes, carelessly edited and full of flagrant inaccuracies; those who travel with such volumes find them worse than useless; and, gradually, there grows up a class which goes abroad without guidebooks and which depends for its information on folders published by steamship companies and on the random suggestions of friends.

But from this there are, I think, two possible conclusions that can be drawn. First, the publishers must, if they do not wish to see the travel book market entirely disappear, make an effort to bring their travel books up to the level of the rest of the non-fiction they publish. No publisher would accept a biography written by someone who had spent a month in research; I could name at least ten travel books for which the material has been gathered in less than a month.

Second, the intelligent part of the book-buying public should, in this matter, make felt the weight of its influence. Good American guidebooks, when and if these appear, should receive the attention they deserve (for a good guidebook is quite as hard to write as a good novel). Meanwhile, the few really fine travel books on the market should be sought out by prospective travelers, and read. I have not at my disposal the sales figures on Marcel Aurousseau's "Beyond the Pyrenees" (which no less an authority than Miguel de Unamuno has called "the best book on Spain in English since Borrow"), nor on Percy Dearmer's scholarly and charming "Highways and Byways in Normandy," nor on Sir Frederick Treves's delightful "Riviera of the Corniche Road," nor on a dozen others, well written, informative, and altogether worth reading; but I am sure that none of these has sold as it should. And until discriminating people, who choose their general reading with extreme care, begin to exercise a little care in the selection of their travel books, there is no real hope for the appearance of an intelligent traveling public in America.

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Frank Schoonmaker has written, in collaboration with Lowell Thomas, "Spain," the first of a series of guide books. He is now writing a book on Wines for Simon & Schuster.

Carpet Bag Finance

THE WRECK OF REPARATIONS: Being the Political Background of the Lausanne Agreement, 1932. By JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IT is one of the extraordinary examples of human fatuity that the framers of the Young Plan, with the fullest possible access to information regarding the economic state of Europe and America and every reason for playing safe in forecasting the future, should have assumed that the world depression, which had already been running more than six months by the time their report was completed, would be of short duration and that international trade and general prosperity would not only revive but increase. What happened, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points out, was not only that the Plan was still-born, but that the depression widened and deepened and political complications added their irritation. To make matters worse, there was no provision for revising the Plan if conditions changed. By the end of 1930, accordingly, the progress of the depression, together with the financial demoralization of Germany, had brought a breakdown with which the Hoover moratorium, six months later, undertook to deal. It is at this point that Mr. Wheeler-Bennett begins his study. Only an extravagant appropriation of space would permit a reference to all the significant conclusions which he draws from an intensive economic and political examination of the year and a half which ended with the Lausanne agreement of June-July, 1932. It must suffice to mention a few of the matters which are reviewed.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett attributes Mr. Hoover's change of attitude toward American interest in Europe primarily to the discovery, on his visit to Indianapolis in June, 1931, of the acute distress in the Middle West; and he sees in the moratorium a "tacit recognition" of the fact that Europe's capacity to pay war debts depended upon Germany's capacity to pay reparations. The virtual evisceration of the moratorium by France, he thinks, was due to a realization that the Young Plan was "doomed," and to a desire to free France from responsibility and at the same time gain a bargaining-point for the future. Financial demoralization in Germany soon put sharply in contrast the American theory of joint banking support for German credit and the "sinister" French scheme of enforced political guarantees, and it was "with a bluntness that was almost brutal" that Secretary Stimson informed Premier Laval that the United States "would have nothing to do with political entanglements."

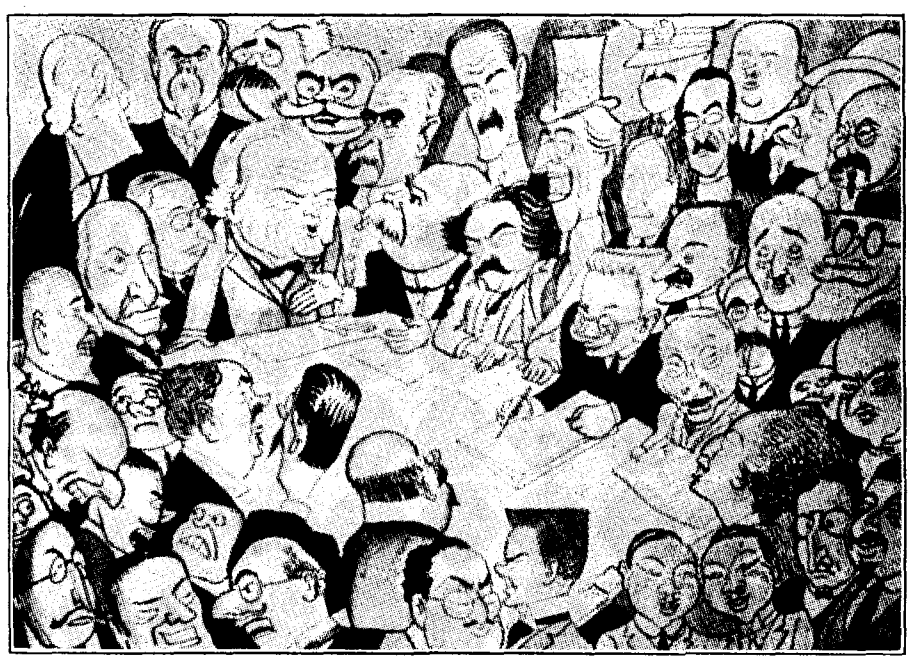
The account which Mr. Wheeler-Bennett gives of events during the moratorium year is unsparing in its criticism of France. On July 21, while the London conference on the German credit situation was going on, France announced a disarmament plan which showed that it was still bent upon exacting political guarantees from Germany. Debt agreements had cancelled forty-two per cent of the French war debt to Great Britain and fifty per cent of the debt to the United States, but while France paid its creditors in revalued francs at the rate of 124 to the pound, its debtors "were expected, and in some cases forced, to pay in gold." It had made a determined but unsuccessful effort to capture the Bank for International Settlements; it forced Austria to abandon the Anschluss as the price of a loan in aid of the Kreditanstalt; its loans checkmated Italy's plans in eastern Europe; French banks raided the pound and thereby helped to force Great Britain off gold, and a raid on the dollar was in full swing when Premier Laval arrived in this country to confer with Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett affirms that "it was known that Mr. Hoover had designs more far-reaching than his June proposals," and that while "the exact nature of these plans was uncertain," it was "persistently rumored" that the plans included a five-year extension of the moratorium, or a drastic scaling-down of war debts and reparations to conform to capacity to pay, or a fifty per cent cut in debt payments conditioned on a twenty-five per cent cut in armament budgets. It would be interesting to know upon what Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's positive assertion is based. He sees in the rumors, however, the primary reason for the mobilization of French diplomacy and financial influence in the fall of 1931, since France desired to return to the Young Plan at the end of the moratorium year and to have it operate thereafter "undisturbed by further philanthropic interruptions." If such was the case, the Young Plan could hardly have been regarded as "doomed" when the moratorium was proposed.

If Mr. Hoover changed his mind and was prepared to change his policy still farther, Congress, in Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's view, had a mind that was closed and a temper ridden by prejudice. Admitting that there was much to justify the American suspicion of Europe which the six months following the moratorium had revived, and that the "blatant attempt" of France to influence American policy had succeeded "all too well for France," Mr. Wheeler-Bennett impales Congress as "a body as irresponsible as it was unmanageable," "without any real understanding" of the world effect of "the war-debts incubus" and "prohibitive tariffs," and showing itself "possessed of an amazingly feeble intelligence in "refusing to recognize their own limitations" and "continuing in their sublime belief that by passing a strongly worded resolution (the one approving the moratorium) they could permanently stem the tide of cancellation and reduction." As late as June, 1932, Congress continued "to dance and alternatively to fiddle, while about it the remnants of American prosperity were reduced to ruins."

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett thinks it unfortunate that the Lausanne Conference was not preceded by adequate preparatory conversations, but he praises strongly the great work of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald in holding the conference together. He has no praise for the Gentlemen's Agreement, however, or for the explanations that were made of it in England, and still less for the announcement of the Anglo-French entente which promptly followed. "A change of heart and not a multiplication of treaties," he declares, "is what is needed today." Moreover, "no one can say at the present time what the Lausanne Agreement really means." "For the moment" it means that inter-governmental war debts will not be paid in Europe "for an indefinite period," but "it means this and no more" because it will not be ratified until a "satisfactory" arrangement shall have been made with the United States about the debts. For France the conference "constituted a first-class diplomatic victory" because it detached Great Britain from Germany and Italy, "achieved something dangerously near a 'united front' towards America," and gave France "the lead in Europe"; but for Great Britain it "spelt failure in varying degrees," while Germany "achieved little save an empty declaration that reparations were at an end, a fact which most Germans had known for some time past."

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, as will have been perceived, is not a wholly impartial student, for he is frankly of the school of those who believe that "the collection of political debts is economically detrimental to both creditor and debtor," and he urges a revision of the American debt claims on "a generous scale" notwithstanding that flat refusal to pay, rather than specific requests for revision, hardly affords a satisfactory basis for negotiation. He is a highly competent student, however, in his grasp and presentation of economic and political material, and while a good deal of what he offers deals with war debts as well as with reparations, his vigorously written book is a contribution of the first importance to an understanding of both those vexed questions.



VERSAILLES: AN IMPRESSION—After Tom Titt—Courtesy The Stork

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY. Compiled by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Doubleday, Doran.*
An omnibus volume containing among other things "Old Wives' Tale," and "Nocturne" complete.

ARCHES OF THE YEARS. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND. *Morrow.*
The autobiography of a Scottish physician.

THE INVESTOR PAYS. By MAX LOWENTHAL. *Knopf.*
A discussion of the public and the market.

This Less Recent Book:

NIGHT FLIGHT. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPERY. *Century.*
A dramatic chronicle of the South American night air mail.

The Old Gods Die

THE FRAMEWORK OF AN ORDERED SOCIETY. By SIR ARTHUR SALTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. 75 cents.
A NEW SOCIAL ORDER. By WALTER LIPPMANN. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. 25 cents.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

ONE by one the old gods die. With Sir Arthur Salter, who has hitherto accepted without very much question the deductive theory of *laissez faire*, they die exceeding hard. Nevertheless, they die. "The Framework of an Ordered Society"—a book which records Sir Arthur's final capitulation to John Maynard Keynes, Stuart Chase, and other advocates of a planned economy—is the signal of a death. The book is the result of three lectures which Sir Arthur delivered at Cambridge last Winter as the first Alfred Marshall lecturer.

The interior architecture of the book will be familiar to readers of the American newspapers; in fact, if Sir Arthur were an American, he would certainly be a member of the Roosevelt "brain trust." He proposes that parliaments shall sit for

(*Continued on following page*)

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The Old Gods Die

(*Continued from preceding page*)

two or three months of the year, delegate powers to an executive, and then adjourn. The executive would work with committees of experts, whose word would be mandatory on defined issues. Sir Arthur envisages the "trusting up" of business into trade associations with agreed-upon codes of ethics. Self-discipline would be preferred, but maverick business men would have to submit or be forced out of competition. The central banking policy of each individual country would be to

SIR ARTHUR SALTER

maintain stable price levels, not to make money for stockholders in banks. This, says Sir Arthur, can be achieved through Mr. Keynes's "managed money" plans. National Investment Boards should control the allocation of new capital, and the amount of money going into foreign investment should be limited. A world central bank, with a directing authority consisting of those who control the national central banks, "could be made the main world instrument for guiding both monetary and financial policy."

Quite rightly, Sir Arthur sees that the world economic structure has lost "elasticity." Union wage rates, social services, price agreements, semi-monopolization of trade, tariffs, all represent a "freezing" of variables that should, under *laissez faire*, be immediately responsive to an altered situation. Wages, for example, should be permitted to move at once in response to a change in the price level, if the free market is to be maintained. But the result of mobile variables would be sweated labor, vicious price wars, and other socially undesirable things. Sir Arthur sees this plainly. But he, along with Walter Lippmann, whose pamphlet reads like a philosophical abstract of what Sir Arthur says more concretely, has always been an internationalist. By implication, he now becomes a nationalist—or, to use the polite new phrase, an "intra-nationalist." A people, he says, has a right to determine

> the main character of its economic structure; whether, for example, it desires to be predominately industrial and as an aid to that ambition to buy its food in the cheapest world markets [how will the American farmer like that?]; or whether, alternatively, it desires a more balanced system under which, at a necessary cost to its industrial expansion and perhaps to its average standard of living, its agricultural production should be expanded.

This leads Sir Arthur to the means of determination, which include "quotas, tariffs, marketing schemes, controlled prices, controlled production, etc."

Thus it can be seen that Sir Arthur's internationalism is like that of the Roosevelt administration. One lobe of his brain might be labelled "Cordell Hull, free trade exponent," and the other "Raymond Moley, intra-nationalist." Controlled prices, controlled production, quotas, and marketing schemes, are all devices for maintaining internal price structures which may or may not be compatible with the price structures in other countries. In this light it is seen that Sir Arthur's "ordered society" is precisely what we have at present, and few people have had the effrontery to call that "ordered."

When the phrases which both Sir Arthur and Walter Lippmann use are given content, it is seen that these phrases have solved nothing, but have merely defined the boundaries of the new battlefield. When one speaks of "managing a currency," one raises the next problem: What groups in society are going to do the managing, and for the benefit of whom? When one speaks of a world bank, with a directorate consisting of the central bankers of the big countries, one has merely opened up a new arena in which the balance of power has to be settled. And Bismarck, Metternich, any of the great diplomatists, could tell Sir Arthur that it is not the arena that counts, but the decision.

This does not mean that Sir Arthur has not written a useful book. If he would content himself with description, no one could cavil; and description is certainly a part of his method. It is the tone of egregious hope that is delusive in Sir Arthur. He has a way of giving the impression that, simply because he has stated the nature of the desirable, the problem is solved. But unwonted hopes give way to unwonted disillusions. It may be desirable to stabilize world currencies. Well, says Sir Arthur, we must stabilize world currencies. In the next breath he presents a situation which shows that currencies get out of line because of the very attempts at "control" which he is advocating. This is not the way of realism. If Sir Arthur would only answer his critics, if he would only read and digest books like John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power," Lawrence Dennis's "Is Capitalism Doomed?", or Fred Henderson's "The Economic Consequences of Power Production," he would inspire more confidence.

Outside Looking In

MY AMERICAN FRIENDS. By L. P. JACKS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

DR. JACKS has seen much more of the United States than have most Americans, and it might almost be said that he understands Americans better than they understand themselves. He is, of course, a very special sort of observer.

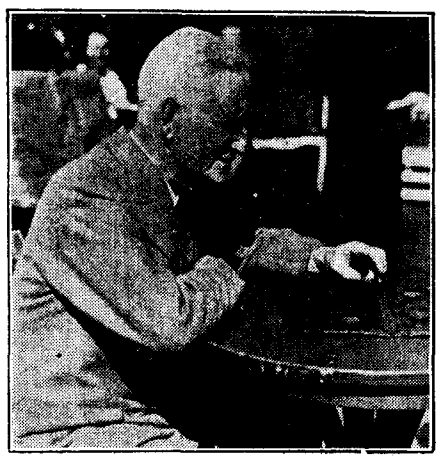
Editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, married to the daughter of Stopford Brooke, long associated with Oxford and from 1915 to 1931 principal of one of its colleges, he is a cultivated English gentleman in the most urbane and intellectually liberal sense of that phrase. Added to this is a unique American experience. While still in his twenties, Jacks came to Harvard as a post-graduate student and was both the pupil and friend of some of the outstanding figures of the Eliot era. He knew Charles Eliot Norton, William James, and once accompanied Josiah Royce on an Easter vacation "bat" to New York, during which both metaphysicians agreed to give up trying to "fix a bit of salt on the tail of the Absolute" and to act as if they were millionaires and to treat themselves to all the luxuries in sight so long as their funds lasted. Later, there were many visits to this country, and finally, in 1930, Dr. Jacks travelled as a lecturer under the auspices of the National Recreation Association of America into forty-two of our states, not only meeting, but for the time being working with, the most socially-minded and "forward-looking" men and women of neighborhoods as different as New England and Palm Beach, Kansas and southern California.

Here we have a man who is both outsider and insider; a scholar viewing all peoples with a philosopher's detachment and in the light of history's perspective, and yet a man still "young" at seventy and humorously ready for anything that turns up, whether it be the human herds on the beach at Coney Island or an unexpected invitation to join a game on a community playground at St. Petersburg, Florida, an all-day's motor dash up and down the Rocky Mountains or a sanguine young lady who waylays our guest in an Arizona hotel lobby.

Dr. Jacks knows all the American clichés, from "reaction" to "he-man." His urbane remarks on the subject of "standardization" make Sinclair Lewis look like a red-faced young journalist and André Siegfried a glib but superficial foreigner. He chats about subjects as diverse as Rhodes Scholars and gun-men, cities and children, the American intelligentsia and college football games. The three rules which experience has taught him anybody who ventures to write a book about America ought to observe, are, first: to avoid generalizations; second, to judge nothing by the point at which it has arrived and everything by the direction in which it is moving; third, whenever one is struck by something that seems peculiarly good or peculiarly evil, to look at once for its contrary — which will certainly be found.

He is struck and sometimes amused by the national self-criticism—"in New York there is a group of brilliant intellectuals who practice it as a profession." He finds beautiful scenery, lovable people, and noises so hideous that they destroy his sense of individuality and affect him as a sort of anesthetic. Arriving, deaf and blind, after one of these experiences,

> in the lobby of my hotel, I was suddenly assaulted by a noise viler than any of the streets, and to me so hateful that nothing short of sudden death would render me unconscious of it. It was a jazz band, punctuated by the voice of a human being, crooning erotic imbecilities into a sound magnifier. Instantly the dream broke and, recognizing where I



L. P. JACKS

> was, the words "O hell!" involuntarily escaped me, much to the astonishment of a lady, leader of a theosophic cult, who was waiting for an interview.

Dr. Jacks hunted far and wide for the "hundred per cent" American. He had just about given up the quest as hopeless when finally the type materialized in the person of a young lady in the Southwest, so full of vitality, optimism, altruism, humor, and all things go-ahead and constructive that the fascinated Briton assured her that she was the thing itself "because your hundred percentage is your very self and not your 'attitude' towards America or anything else."

The report of this encounter is told in the form of direct dialogue, transcribed as literally as possible from memory and from notes made that day in the traveller's diary. Many more or less "patriotic" novels by native sons have said less that was significant about the American spirit than this unusual Englishman packs into a brief and amusing report of a half hour's chat with an actual person.

Hard to Please

(*Continued from first page*)

ish" with a "taste for gay life." His relation to "social forces" is "far from clear." By the same line of reasoning Mr. Dreiser's Frank Cowperwood, hero of "The Financier" and "The Titan," is "vain and foolish" with a "taste for gay life." We do not say that civilization is to blame for Wazemmes inherent character; but we do say that Wazemmes could not have had the opportunity to buy up Paris at one price level and sell it at another if it were not for our civilization. No student of Henry George could fail to see the relationship of the "vain and foolish" Wazemmes to "social forces." Bolton Hall, Suzanne La Follette, Murray Godwin, or any other old Single Taxer, could write an essay on Wazemmes. They could explain how the irresponsible real estate operator, buying up land and holding it out of use for a rise in price, takes social value from the community. But the essay would not be fiction, it would be propaganda. Mr. Krutch doesn't like propaganda. Then why is he not content with good fiction?

Books in the News

THE office of the Civilian Conservation Corps, Washington, D. C., reports the contemplation of a purchase of some 225,000 books for reading in the various Roosevelt reforestation camps. Here, obviously, is some publisher's chance for a ten strike. When an older Roosevelt journeyed to South America, there to explore the River of Doubt, he took along with him a Pigskin Library, to be read between slaps at noxious jungle insects. Why not a Pigskin Library of dollar reprints, for purchase and distribution in the reforestation camps? If this is not feasible, some enterprising publicity director might undertake to investigate the sort of book most popular with the Conservation Corps. We can see the advertising headline, "Out of a total of 1,450 camps, 1,399 report that '(fill in your own title)' leads in demand." Or a gag might be in order, "Wood-pulp fiction for conservers of wood-pulp."

Mrs. Allan Ryan, Jr., reports in *The New York World-Telegram* that not until she had seen "The Story of Temple Drake" in the movies could she untangle the plot sequence of William Faulkner's "Sanctuary." Douglas Gilbert, interviewer of Mrs. Ryan, evidently sets this tidbit down as an example of unpretentious middlebrowism. It is nothing of the sort; it is, rather, evidence of a quite superior order of intelligence, For the truth of the matter is that Faulkner, in "Sanctuary," violated all the rules; he withheld author's information deliberately from the reader. The story of Pop-eye's youth, inserted at the close to explain the nature of Pop-eye's character, was something which Faulkner himself was divulging, not something that emerged through dramatic action. A good dramaturgist would have let this information be discovered by other characters, or else would have set it down at the beginning. Oliver H. P. Garrett, and the Faulkner of the Hollywood incarnation, did much better with the plot in "The Story of Temple Drake," which is the movie version of "Sanctuary." But they had to destroy the meaning of the book to do it. When books reach Hollywood, conventional gangsters and the normal order of chivalric suthun kunnel replace original characterization.

Magistrate Guy Van Amringe, who exonerated Donald Henderson Clarke's "Female" (Vanguard) of obscenity charges, is a glutton for punishment. He read the book three times to decide it was "not a dirty book, but a book of dirt." Certainly it is not as pure as the proverbial driven snow. Mr. Clarke has never liked snow. When he was a reporter on the old *New York World* he once wrote a storm story. Instead of the usual statistical account, Mr. Clarke wrote a fable about what a blessing it would be for New York City if snow would only fall upwards. Mr. Clarke is still writing fables.

Sir Hall Caine's "Life of Christ" has been reduced from 3,500,000 words to 600,000 words.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Rome Had No Potatoes

(*Continued from first page*)

His two great offenses in the eyes of his more solid and less entertaining colleagues are his inaccuracy and his popularity. In the perennial war between the scholar whose books are sound but dull, and the readable but untrustworthy popularizer, there is not much to add to the controversy conducted last year in the correspondence columns of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Hartley Grattan, if I remember, said that they are both useful and necessary—which is true if the public will read them both. It seldom will; yet Ferrero must have advertised Roman history to an immense number of fairly intelligent laymen who would never have read it otherwise, and some of them may have been inspired to go on and read some more.

Ferrero has an instinct for headlines. "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" was a good title in Montesquieu's day, for Montesquieu's book; it is singularly inappropriate to the history of a period which began in a catastrophic decline and closed on the threshold of an era of unprecedented greatness, but it is a good box-office title. Strongest of Ferrero's appeals to popularity, however, is his constant drawing of historical parallels, interpretation of the ancients in modern terms. This is one of the most useful functions of history—provided the parallels are really parellel, as they hardly ever are. Naomi Mitchison's remark, "One must also remember that the Romans had no potatoes," dramatizes a difference that goes far deeper than potatoes. E. G. Sihler, writing nearly twenty years ago in the *American Journal of Philology*, observed that Ferrero got his parallels by twisting the ancient case to fit the modern; perhaps that puts it too strongly, but there is almost always a slight difference, and the serious historian cannot afford to ignore it. Considering Ferrero's flair for parallels, particularly with modern America, it is rather ironic that he could not foresee before the war—and rather to his credit that he did not inject into the present version—a parallel quite as close as many that he draws, and very striking. One of the chief bedevilments of Roman politics in the whole first century B.C. was veterans' legislation; the bonus—in land, not in cash—was a recurrent problem.

However, the parallels make excellent reading, if you do not take them too seriously; and Ferrero has a rare gift for making you feel the flow of time, the changes in the life and sentiment of a great community from year to year; the rising and falling fortunes of bright young men moving on from youth to maturity and then to age, and interacting on one another as they go. You follow them with a sense of suspense, with the sympathy you feel for a brilliantly depicted character of fiction—and, unfortunately, that is to a considerable extent what they are. Aside from mistakes in fact, Ferrero can maintain that unbroken texture and steady flow only by hypothetical reconstruction of individual chronologies; by supplying with the creative imagination the gaps that occur even in the very full record of these years; by interpretation of motives, where the evidence fails—and sometimes in conflict with it—through the instinct of the artist. This is the legitimate technique of the artist, but not of the historian; Ferrero's book is worth five dollars if you take it for what it is, the most brilliant of historical novels with a Roman setting.

Elmer Davis, who once taught classics, has since become a commentator on modern politics which had their counterpart in Cæsar's day.

Treasure Trove

TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY. Compiled and with Notes by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

YOU pays your money and you takes your choice. And for little money you can get a wide and excellent range of choice. Here, indeed, is an admirable volume for the desert island which beckons so alluringly on the horizons of fancy, or for the summer holiday, or for the bedside table. For here between the covers of a single stout book are Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," Swinnerton's "Nocturne," Garnett's "Lady into Fox," all of them novels we were buying not so long since as volumes complete in themselves; that best of Conrad's short stories, "Youth," together with "An Outpost of Progress," Max Beerbohm's "The Happy Hypocrite," Wells's "The Country of the Blind," E. M. Forster's "The Celestial Omnibus," and tales by D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Katherine Mansfield, Michael Arlen, and "Saki," to mention but a few of many; poems by such writers, to name a four at random, as Sassoon, Roy Campbell, Rupert Brooke, and Walter de la Mare; and essays no less wisely selected.

Mr. Maugham is so disarmingly modest in his foreword and in the notes which accompany the various groups of offerings he presents as almost to persuade his readers of the casualness of his selections. But this is no hastily prepared anthology. Rather it is the fruit of wide and careful reading, the fine fruit of a literary harvest that was slow in the ripening, and that sprang from a richly nourished soil. Here there is nothing that is not good, nothing that the cultured reader would grudge inclusion. And that covers Mr. Maugham's own urbane and discriminating comments.

Beer and Skittles

THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS. By HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

BY some happy providence when doctors write other things than prescriptions they seem likely to write rather well. The author of "The Arches of the Years" ("The Hound of Heaven" is the source of the title) has the breezy style of a literate sailor—which indeed he was, for four years of war—writing with enormous gusto of happenings and adventures all over the place; and Dr. Sutherland's own zest in his story-telling is such that the reader perforce falls into step beside him.

The book is more or less chronological, but although autobiographical, it is in no sense an autobiography. Except for the internal evidence of an exceptionally keen and alert mind, giving presumptive testimony to professional success, the reader would get little intimation of the actual distinction which the author has achieved. Nevertheless, the ardent scientist crops out. Who else could write, "The whale's main artery as it leaves the heart is so large that I was able to creep into it"? Or would take time to prove satisfactorily that "it is not a physical impossibility for a man to have lived in a whale's mouth for three days," though admitting that "a more uncomfortable voyage cannot be conceived"?

The experience with whales off the north coast of Scotland was just an interlude between medical examinations, and when these were finished the young M.D. gained clinical experience with an uncle practising in Spain. The result of this experience, so far as the present volume is concerned, is the best, clearest, and most impartial description of bull fighting that this reviewer has ever read. There is no doubt that the doctor knows what he is talking about, because in the intervals between ministering to the sick, he himself swung a *capa* in a *tentadero*, which means that he played the part of a matador (but without the sword) in a preliminary testing of a bull's fighting spirit.

The same vivid zest for life and enjoyment in recording it take the author through the four years of war and adventures in various seas as a ship's surgeon. Of the famous "Q" boats, to one of which he paid a professional visit, we read:

> When a submarine appeared, the Dutch flag was hoisted, and the passengers rushed about in a state of panic. On the bridge was a Dutch skipper waving his arms in the air, and the submarine came alongside to make sure there was no deception. A Dutch matron, hugging her baby to her bosom, leaned over the ship's side, the very picture of a distressed mother. To the horror of those on the submarine the demented mother raised the baby in her arms and threw it down the open conning tower. The baby exploded, and there was the end of a submarine.

And so it goes. A more delightful book we have seldom read. Dip into it anywhere, and you will read on enchanted; but it is best to start at the beginning, with a long evening before you, for then you can finish it before going to bed.

Stanley Went was for many years a literary editor of the Nation, *when that periodical still belonged to the* Evening Post.

The New St. Paul

THE NEW BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE. By SIR JAMES JEANS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY HART

THERE is drama in this book as well as instruction. The drama concerns the bold abandon with which Sir James embraces that old bugaboo, metaphysics. He has not hitherto been so wholehearted, and from this volume it is plain that all who admire him will be obliged to go back with him into the halcyon days when philosophic speculation was free and easy, untrammelled by scientific method.

WOODCUT from JEANS'S "THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE" (Macmillan)

It is, of course, scientific method which has brought Sir James to his present opinions. "The physicist of today," he says, "must needs have some acquaintance with ideas which used to be considered the exclusive preserve of metaphysics." And again: "It is now profitable to review the fundamental discussions, so important for epistemology, of the difficulty of separating the subjective and objective aspects of the world."

What has induced this distinguished scientist to advocate the reëmployment of pure speculation divorced from experiment and observation? What has enabled him to believe that therein he will more completely diminish that subjective taint which is the despair of all seekers after truth? The answer is very simple.

Sir James is not content with the picture of reality which he infers from his knowledge of contemporary physics. He believes that reality—that thing behind the world of appearances in which human creatures move, ourselves the vaguest of shadow shapes—is an elaborate but haphazard compound of kinks of motion. Two or more waves of motion temporarily entangle (like lovers with their arms about each other, let us hope), and that is all it is about, at bottom. Or seems to be. Just what are these waves of motion that intertwine? Jeans's answer is breathtaking. "Given the waves," he says, "we know the probabilities, so that, in a sense, the waves *really are* waves of probability." The italics are his, though they look very much like Bishop Berkeley's.

So all of us, and the universe, are waves of probability. Well, that is serious with Jeans, and it is the core of his thought, and the reason for his belief in what has been called Jeans's mathematical god. (Cf. "The Mysterious Universe": "The universe can best be pictured, although still very imperfectly and inadequately, as consisting of pure thought, the thought of what, for want of a wider word, we must describe as a mathematical thinker.")

Such a concept of reality is not warranted by even the present uncertainties in physics. Both Planck, the great enunciator of the quantum theory (upon which Jeans rears his metaphysical hopes), and Einstein have continually repudiated all excursions into a parallelism which argues away causality. Planck has gently said that persons who do so are purists. Einstein has also remonstrated, saying: "In England there are scientific writers who are illogical and romantic in their popular books, but in their scientific work they are acute logical reasoners."

What a picture is here! The Anglo-Saxon, whose Bacon propounded the scientific method, is now ensnared in a Pauline denial of the flesh. ("The history of physical science in the twentieth century is one of a progressive emancipation from the purely human angle of vision.") He drifts into a Mediterranean day dream, and it is the Oriental—of all people—who reminds him that it is that blend of human perception and interpretation *with* the outside world that *is* reality.

Of course Jeans knows this, for he says, in a passage which suggests what is actually "the new background of science":

> Our experiments on nature provide an obvious connecting bridge between ourselves and nature, and in exploring nature we naturally start from our own end of this bridge. Because the bridge involves ourselves as well as nature, it is hardly surprising that our present knowledge of nature should still possess a subjective tinge. For, after all, we only started on the right road a third of a century ago.

That means, we only started with Planck, and Einstein, when we discovered that we had been missing the relationships existing between objects, events, and motion, and that it is a description of these relationships which provides a knowledge of externality more accurate, or at least more comprehensive, than the dicta of classical physics.

The early chapters of this volume will be familiar to those who have read Jeans's other books. His gift for excellent elucidation has not diminished, though this is a more difficult book than "The Mysterious Universe." Some of the matters to which he gives protracted exposition are the problem of the validity of man's apprehension of the outside world; the physical structure of matter; the methods of science; atomic physics and the quantum theory; space and time; mechanism, radiation, and wave mechanics; indeterminacy, probabilities, and "events."

Henry Hart has edited scientific books for the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, and has written on scientific subjects.

The poet Ronsard is supposed to have been buried in the Priory of St. Cosme, in Touraine, but his grave has never been found. Systematic excavations were begun on the 9th of May in the Priory in search of his tomb. This venerable building was bought some time ago and restored by the French Society of La Sauvegarde de l'Art Français at a cost of ninety-two thousand francs, and the Society recently decided to find, if possible, the lost grave of the poet. The Vice-President of La Sauvegarde, the Marquise de Maillé, is presiding over the excavations.

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The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

VIII. SLACK AWAY

I GOT this narrative as far as S.S. *Malolo*, outward from San Francisco, but I feel uncertain whether it will ever get much farther, so much subject for argument keeps piling up. After lunch I explored the ship and found on the empty top deck an after bridge from which one could get a fine view of her handsome shape. Chadburn's telegraph was there, for use in docking. *Heave Away, Slack Away, Make Fast, Let Go,* were its commands; if one knew when to employ each of these in writing one might come alongside the quay in good order. There was brilliant sunshine along the California coast. Somewhere off there to the left was Monterey, which will always exist for me as the setting of that divine little book, *Amarilis*, by Christine Turner Curtis—published 1927 and now out of print; a masterpiece of tender feeling, as delicate as the colors inside an abalone shell. I think it was the first writing that ever made California real to me; everything else written about that State had been so vigorous, solid, and certain. But *Amarilis* has in it the unextracted square root of minus one. I hope Monterey keeps a few precious copies in circulation. From its very first words you receive that sense of exquisite anxiety so few pens can convey: "There are meridians, moons and moments whose conjunction strikes off a certain heart-melting aroma . . . the salty, wind-scoured plains of Salinas . . . through brown dumpling hills to Monterey." I saw them some weeks later, those smooth hills of the Salinas Valley. Like the haunches of sleeping lionesses, and pink with sunset. And as you drive, despairing to conjure the just word, the roadside poetry of California flicks at the eye. It is serialized on little placards, exactly distanced so that the 50-mile-an-hour motorist will read it comfortably:

WITHIN THIS VALE
OF TOIL AND SIN
YOUR HEAD GROWS BALD
BUT NOT YOUR CHIN—
BURMA SHAVE.

The only other frequenters of the top deck were a man and his dog; the latter a powerful yellow bastard of high intelligence. His master confided to me that life had turned out badly for him and he was on his way to the Islands for a fresh start. The companionship of the pair was charming to see; they loved and understood each other. I was very sorry for the dog when, later in the voyage, his master took to more liquid solace and fell down some stairs. He took to his berth, and one could hear the distant questioning of his lonely friend shut up somewhere below. I was struck by the worth of that dog; he had the strong mongrel mind which is valuable in men also. He was too wise to worry himself (as a lesser animal would have) about the great following of gulls that hovered round the ship, mewing and squawking and sitting on the boats and the rails. One look at them convinced him they were beyond his grab; thereafter he ignored them. For myself, I found the *Malolo* and the gulls a perfect analogy of Shakespeare and his critics—who have followed him down the ages mewing and looking for scraps. You can always find analogies if you're looking for them; and a ship, the most intricately artful of man's contrivances, is happy hunting ground. You'll see little brass plates in the deck, to be removed for sounding the tanks: so, in Shakespeare's tragedies, you say to yourself, one may sound the deep tanks of human trouble. And the lifeboats, in neat rows, are like the sonnets—many a mind has put off to sea in those cranky craft and never been heard of again. In every shrewd nicety of plumbing, wiring, ventilation, you can please yourself with parable. I used to sit every morning in the writing-room enjoying these notions, which I hope were more than what Hawaii calls *hoomalimali* (viz., flattery or boloney). When a lady sitting at the doctor's table was reported as holding the official title of Supreme Queen of the Nile—some auxiliary of the order of Shriners—Shakespearean parallels were complete.

Yellow dog, yellow hills—perhaps a little yellow in the journalism, too, I thought, when a bold and barren coastline was pointed out as the region where Mr. Hearst has his vast ranch. But among so much strangeness it was reassuring to see that the Pacific has at least a family resemblance to other oceans. Her ships are not exempt from a little rolling now and then. In general comfort, arrangement and spaciousness it seems to me that our Atlantic vessels can learn something from them. Particularly I was pleased by the idea of painting the deckhouses and deck ceilings pale tan and green, which saves the eyes much dazzle. As one who has travelled mostly in British ships it was a special pleasure to find these American liners more than their equal in every respect in which a passenger can judge. And at night, I thought, there seem to be more stars over the Pacific. Then I remembered that since my last Atlantic crossing I have taken to wearing spectacles.

Other people also must have been thinking about Shakespeare when I was in the *Malolo*. I suppose Professor Hotson was putting on paper his glorious discovery (I hope you haven't missed it, in the June *Atlantic*) of the first definite proof of Shakespeare's connection with the Mermaid Tavern. I said once that I almost hoped nothing further would ever be learned about Shakespeare, because it would mean still more footnotes in all the books; but this is exactly the kind of discovery I relish and which we needed. Professor Hotson has convincingly shown that William Johnson, "citizen and vintner of London," who was a co-signer with Shakespeare in the purchase of a house in Blackfriars in 1613, was the actual host and proprietor of the Mermaid Tavern (in Bread Street). So, as Professor Hotson points out, Shakespeare must have known the Mermaid pretty well if he would call on its host "to act as his trustee in a purchase involving some $5,000 to $7,000 in our values." The association of Shakespeare with the Mermaid has hitherto rested on tradition only. This William Johnson, born about 1575, was apprenticed as a servant at the Mermaid in 1591, took over the management of the house about 1603 and seems to have become its owner about 1605. Pleasantest of all is Professor Hotson's discovery that the said Johnson was charged with having illegally sold meat on Fridays (which was Fish Day) for thirty Fridays in succession—and it was the first Friday in every month that Jonson, Donne, Beaumont, and others used to meet at the Mermaid. Shakespeare's humorous dislike of fish dinners appears many times in the plays. Leslie Hotson says, "we cannot down a sense of satisfaction on learning that mine host Johnson took his chances with the enforcement agents of Meat Prohibition." This is the most vivid and congenial Shakespeare trove in a generation. Now won't Professor Hotson dig up something about a previous Mermaid proprietor, Andrew Goodyear, whose name appears on a bill for a Visitation Dinner (1588)? The paper—I think it is the only physical souvenir of the Mermaid premises—belongs to Dr. Rosenbach.

Apropos poets, I was surprised by *Time's* description (May 29) of Mr. Walter de la Mare. "Broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced, Walter de la Mare looks less like a poet than most poets, more like a sea-captain." *Time* has a way of being a bit brisk in its intimacies; the matter is somewhat irrelevant, but as a friend and admirer of Mr. de la Mare for a number of years I venture that he is not conspicuously broad-shouldered, that he is *not* ruddy-faced but rather the color of old ivory, and that in the most elvish (and yet resolute) way his outward conforms to what one would expect of a writer of such brooding power. If *Time* is really interested, I have always thought that he looks notably like Charles Lamb.

And that reminds me that the best piece of advertising copy I've seen in a long while, copy with real transmission in it, was the piece on behalf of the Chicago *Daily News* in *Time* of June 5. It shows a picture of a lump of coal alongside a diamond, and begins: "If mere size meant anything, Park Avenue would be hump-backed from wearing lump-coal lavaliers." It was written by Homer McKee, an advertising agent in Chicago: I wish he was doing copy for the *Saturday Review*.

There comes back to my mind a superb comment on the intellectual perils of too much disrespect. Valéry, in his initiation discourse at the French Academy some years ago, said:—

> Le plaisir de ne rien respecter est le plus énivrant pour certaines âmes. Un écrivain qui le dispense aux amateurs de son esprit les associe et les ravit à sa lucidité impitoyable, et il les rend avec delice semblables à des dieux, méprisant le bien et le mal.

To this allure a whole decade of young American writers—roughly speaking, 1920-30—easily succumbed. The tendency now seems to be a bit different. But it's worth thinking over.

Representing "the smallest publishing house in the world," viz. Messrs. Henry, Longwell & Another, I attended the first session of the Brentano Sale, when the referee in bankruptcy listened to competing bids for that famous business. Henry, Longwell & Another's interest in the proceedings was proportionate to their general stature in the book trade; it is a creditor, I believe, in the sum of 67 cents. I was a little disappointed that Mr. Olney, the referee, in opening the affair made no allusion to Literature or to the long and honorable associations of the house of Brentano—which will be well continued under Mr. Kroch, Chicago's brilliant bookseller, in the reorganization. In the Assembly Room of the Merchants Association, in the Woolworth Building, a remarkable group of publishers and booksellers were gathered. What chiefly caught my eye was a booklet which was occasionally referred to at the high table. It was bound in scarlet and waved like a flag of danger in the dim light of the large room. It was the text of the National Bankruptcy Act.

I was very pleased at the referee's decision. The two underbidders looked dangerous for Literature. One wore an enormous diamond ring, and the other chewed gum convulsively.

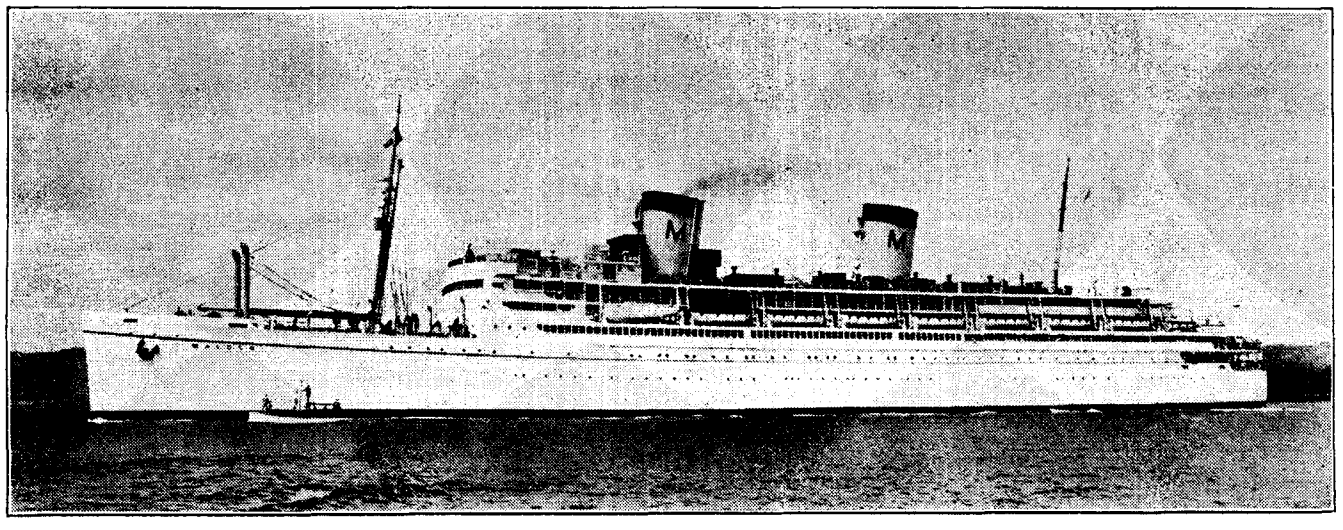
At this time of year colleges and universities have a sort of intellectual stock-taking. One that interested me specially was Oxford's report on itself for the year 1931-32 recently sent to all graduates. On the lighter side I read:—

> Economic pressure left its mark upon the general life of the undergraduate population—the consumption of beer and spirits fell to about half what it had been the previous year, and the only drink to be found in the normal undergraduate's room was sherry, which since the War has won a place all its own in the life of the junior members of the University. . . . Various reasons for Oxford's decline, none of them valid, were given; the larger number of undergraduates at Cambridge, the admission of women to membership of the University (which were facts but irrelevant), and the prevalence of a perverted æsthetecism (which was not a fact). If a cause for our temporary and partial athletic eclipse is to be looked for it must be found rather in the normal swing of the pendulum, and the continued retention of Latin Prose and Latin Unseen (without dictionaries) in Responsions.

And showing how agreeably the world is reticulated in longitudes of coincidence, at this very moment comes a postal card from J. B. and others in Spain showing a ship loading barrels of sherry at Cadiz. J. B. says, "We saw one barrel named Ruskin, whose father was the English agent of the firm."

It was March 4th, an important date, when the *Malolo* tied up at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. Other passengers went to spend the day ashore, but I stayed aboard to have a yarn with F. R., who came down from Hollywood where he was working on a moving picture assignment. Distantly we heard a loudspeaker broadcasting the Inauguration from Washington, but we sat peacefully in deck chairs on the deserted promenade discussing our own problems. Captain Wait, *Malolo's* courteous young commander, was pleased to meet a fellow shipmaster and invited F. R. and myself to lunch with him. Better than the universal Bank Holiday and the political uncertainties I remember we agreed that one of the things the world needs is an omnibus volume of Cutcliffe Hyne's stories about Captain Kettle. And Felix pointed out on the chart the Revillagigedo Islands, off the coast of Mexico, of which I had not heard. Before the ship sailed that night we even managed, by anonymous diplomacy, a small Anchors Aweigh in *okolehao*, better known as *oke*, that miraculous Hawaiian whiskey which awaits (and deserves) its Robert Burns.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



S.S. MALOLO—"Flying Fish" (Courtesy Matson Line)

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John Bull's Island

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND. By A. G. MACDONELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS is a satirical novel. It is the story of a Scotsman who is asked by a Welsh publisher to write a book about England, and of his experiences in search of copy. It is one of the best studies of English life that I have read in a long while. It is not that the book is accurate, for it is not; nor that it reaches into every branch of its subject, for it does not—indeed it omits a great deal more than it states. Its satire is often on the edge of burlesque, its humor is sometimes forced. Its allegiances are obvious, its prejudices conventional. Yet it contains what few books of its kind contain, and that is the essential truth.

And so we might just as well forget the many things which Mr. MacDonell has not chosen to mention for the few things which he has. He is a Scotsman himself, presumably, but a Scotsman with inside knowledge (the internal evidence suggests an education at Winchester): and his book has a real coherence and, therefore, a real value because he subjects his hero only to those experiences of which he himself has a full knowledge, or which have amused or disgusted him; because he is often hilariously funny; and because, above all, he has the courage and the assurance to stick to a single interpretation through thick and thin.

The English, he says, are at heart a kindly and poetical people. This is true, if you are quite sure what you mean when you say it, and Mr. MacDonell is. In order to bring those very obscure but essential qualities to the light, he has to indulge in certain necessary exaggerations. He shows us first some of the unkindly and unpoetical aspects of Englishmen, and then the grave and gentle country which gave them life; so that, by the end of the book, one realizes that even in the new-fangled England which our author despises and dislikes there is still some uncorrupted element of the old. If the concluding chapters of his story seem sentimental to a degree, one has only to remember "Cavalcade" or cast one's thought over English literature from the thirteenth century lyric onward to see that sentimentalism, whether one likes it or not, is a permanent value in English writing and English living.

Donald Cameron, in his search for material, visits a week-end party, takes part in a cricket match, plays two rounds of *de luxe* golf, sees a professional soccer match and the 'Varsity Rugby game, helps in a by-election, and so on: and, in the post-war life thus opened to him—foolish, vulgar, ill-mannered, and eccentric as it is—perceives as through a glass darkly some traces of the poet in Englishmen, the poet whom ninety-nine per cent of them would flatly repudiate.

And then, meeting a Yorkshire mechanic on a Polish freighter bound for Kiel, he is suddenly confronted with an older tradition. From this point until the end, the book takes on a new dignity and a new strength, and the satirist becomes a quiet and affectionate writer. Inevitably, perhaps. For MacDonell is aiming his shafts at a whole country, and not at a caste or a clique or a creed or a court; and so there is an irreconcilable *odi et amo* in the heart of his argument, and the *amo* wins—as indeed, with most British writers on England, it always must.

His description of Donald's experiences in a Buckinghamshire village may seem too lush to anyone who has not lived in Buckinghamshire; and in his last chapter, where his hero has a vision beyond the playing fields at Winchester College, he lays himself open to all sorts of sophisticated laughter. Yet it is these things which finally persuade me of the value and the truth of his book; that he is an *assured* writer, following—without arrogance or servility—in a sufficient tradition.

Tales of Mean Streets

VENETIAN BLINDS. By ETHEL MANNIN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN

"THE necessity for earning a living engulfing the creative impulse, . . . the rising tide of sex swamping all other interests . . . getting on, and shelving your dreams as you went, ceasing to ask very much of life,"—the tragedy of frustration is the theme of this admirably done study of life among the unprivileged in this twentieth century; frustrations caused by poverty, ignorance, traditional stupidities, the sorry scheme of things in a badly arranged world. In large part, these are "tales of mean streets," but the book derives less from Arthur Morrison than from H. G. Wells (the pre-war Wells), though, where Wells was angry, demanding that something be done about it, and eager in pointing a way out of the mess, Ethel Mannin is pityingly contemplative, accurately and sympathetically descriptive, and not at all sure that there is any way out. As an indictment of the stupidities and wrongness of the social organism it is more powerful than any denunciation: it is a statement of the case.

But it is a warmly human book; admirable in its detailed, colorful delineation of a number of authentic human beings, in wide variety, shown against a richly drawn background. In construction it is also excellent; orderly in organic development, well proportioned in episodes, and, although very long, carried through firmly, with no weak spots, to the end.

The story is the life history of Stephen Pendrick and his family from the beginning of the century to the present; his rise from "respectable" poverty to the attainment of a semi-detached villa existence in a London suburb and a moderately comfortable income. As a boy, Stephen had dreams; he wanted to be a gardener, a creator of beauty. And he had ideals. But these are sacrificed to the savage god of "respectability." He "rises" not from ambition but under the brute force of circumstances, driving him against his desires and against his will along traditional lines. His father, mother, his sister, Elsie, his wife, Alice, and Mabel, the prim woman who comes near to marrying him, are all full-length portraits.

New and Old Russia

THE NEW COMMANDMENT. Translated from the Russian of Panteleimon Romanof by VALENTINE SNOW. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.

THIS latest novel by the author of "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings" is a contrast between new and old in Russia in the form of a study of the love between Sergei, a "new" man of peasant origin, and Ludmilla, whose psychology is supposed to represent an inheritance from the old régime.

Sergei, energetic, capable, forward-looking, had outgrown his native village and his simple-minded, cowlike wife, left both of them, and become one of those hard-fisted, healthy, socially-minded young fellows who wear a leather coat, carry a brief-case, and help to make the wheels go round in Moscow. He had taught himself and improved his vocabulary and accent by watching others and much reading until he was thoroughly presentable even from a "bourgeois" point of view. As a matter of fact, Sergei doesn't differ, in essentials, from innumerable self-made "second generation" young Americans, but we needn't go into that.

Ludmilla, not precisely of the former upper class, but as the daughter of a supervisor of the estates of a once rich Moscow family, who had received the same education as the daughters of the owner, for all practical purposes as much a "bourzhooy" as any of them, fell in love with the young man as they met in the same office. Sergei was flattered, intrigued, at last enchanted. Here was all that delicacy, physical and spiritual, which he had never experienced, which went to his head like strange wine. Moreover, when they finally came to know each other intimately, Ludmilla loved with a self-abandon of which he had scarcely even dreamed.

For a time both were blissful. Then it gradually began to be apparent to Sergei that he was called on to pay a price which was more than he could afford to pay. This woman, so ready to sacrifice herself wholly to him, demanded an equal sacrifice in return. She wanted him to shut out the world and live only for their love.

Have such things not been heard of before, in countries far from Russia and revolution, and been duly set down in various novels, long, long before the collapse of the old Russian order? O yes, indeed—the more things change, the more they are the same thing, as the old saying goes, but this particular case happens to be in contemporary Russia, and the study of the course of Sergei's and Ludmilla's love and disillusionment, as such, is well and sympathetically done.

The house at Gravesend, said to have given Dickens the idea of Peggotty's home at Yarmouth, is to be demolished.

To the Editor:—

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

Tannic and Tonic

Sir: Leonard Bacon, in a review of C. E. M. Joad's autobiographical "Under the Fifth Rib," has surpassed himself at being both tannic and tonic. For all I know, he may be right in placing Joad (who has been called "Joad, the Obscure") in the category of those "who have discovered how to live in what they call the great world of ideas on nothing a year." But you, as editor of *The Saturday Review*, surely did Mr. Bacon a disservice in printing that picture of Joad along with the review. Any man who takes a picture as animated, as good-humored, as handsome, as that loaned to you by Miss Howard could not be less than omniscient. Surely that is the photograph of a demi-god. George Meredith took a handsome picture. But compared to Meredith, Joad is as Apollo to Thersites.

NICHOLAS HAY.

Branford, Conn.

The Road to Empire

Sir: Theodore Maynard, in his "Preface to Poetry," calls Oscar Wilde's "Ave Imperatrix" insincere. The first surmise of "Ave Imperatrix" is a Kiplingesque summary of England's world wandering with such flashes as the "gilded garden of the sun," "Gray Pillar of the Indian Sky," and "Pathan's reedy fen." The first part is an examination of the relics of Britain's imperialism of the nineteenth century and a prelude to the present pacifism:

Some tarnished epaulet—
Some sword—
Poor toys to sooth
Such anguished pain. . . .
England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground
A son? . . .

The second part asks where is the glory of this "net of gold around the world" if at home remains "that care that never groweth old." Wilde closes the poem very much as Noel Coward does "Cavalcade":

Though childless,
And with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road
Must England go, . . .

and Mr. Coward:

Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell. . . .

FRANK LESLIE LOGAN.

Bismarck, Mo.

Davy Crockett's Letters

Sir: I am seeking certain letters written by David Crockett from Arkansas, Louisiana, or Texas in 1835-6, referring to one Harrington or Greene. Hough mentions this correspondence in "The Way to the West." I am hoping that the owner of the letters may give me the privilege of seeing them in transcript or photostat for use in a book on Crockett, now nearly completed, to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Cue Ball

Sir: Unless he has used his "Dine at the Oriental" sign for firewood—nights are still cool "on the beach"—and walked to more celestial pastures, a chat with "Cue Ball" Hennessey would interest you. For Cue Ball is a signboard sandwich man with literary ambitions. He even reads the newspapers before he sleeps on them. His specialties are "Letters to the Editor" and, by his own confession, verse. If I knew where his next leading article was to appear, I could tip you off; but not even Cue Ball knows what his next name is to be.

But his verse; he gave me two:

Bores are the kind of people who never know when to go.
Caustics are another type who up and tell them so.

Oh thou full moon, I envy you
As you gloat above my head,
I envy you with all my heart,
Would I were full instead.

You can see Cue Ball almost any time either patrolling down Ann Street, or reading the commemorative tablets along William Street. Yesterday he was studying the plaque noting the offices of Edgar Allen Poe on Fulton Street, so next week he may be absorbing the "Golden Hill Tablet."

Cue Ball can be identified a block away. It's an Oriental Restaurant he's promoting, so he's garbed in a twentieth century New York style mandarin outfit even to a black skull cap and red tassel. He is tall and shallow enough to make a good sandwich man. The sign hangs down on him almost perpendicularly which, sign experts say, is more pleasing than a "gabled effect" such as Heywood Broun would have.

JEFF MILLER.

New York City.

Burbank Spinach

Sir: I was very much interested in the picture of California kale, reproduced from the photographs of Edward Weston, with which Christopher Morley adorned his Bowling Green page of *The Saturday Review* for June 3. Esthetically, it left nothing to be desired. But have you tasted kale! As the little girl said in *The New Yorker* picture, "I say it's spinach, and I say the Hell with it." But perhaps Mr. Morley was not thinking of the taste or the food value of kale. He is, of course, a notorious punster. He writes of a "sense of hollowness in my financial stomach" in an adjoining column as the bank holiday overtakes San Francisco. Could he mean to imply—no, he couldn't!—that Californians substituted kale for money? Give me stamp scrip any day.

JOHN BONBRIGHT.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

But Modernity Began with Bacon

Sir: Jules Romains, whose panoramic novel of Paris, "Men of Good Will," is to extend through many volumes, may pride himself on his modernity, but I wonder just how a reading of Tucker Brooke's essay on Edmund Spenser, which appeared next to the review of the Romains work in your issue for June 3, will affect him? Modern life, so Romains says, is too diverse, too complex, to allow of adequate representation through writing novels about one person or one family. This may very well be the truth, but it is rather curious that Tucker Brooke finds in Spenser's "Fairy Queen" a structure which is precisely that of "Men of Good Will." "Here," says Professor Brooke of "The Fairy Queen," "we have in truth the ideal novel, the picture of life as it is . . . and without a hero or a heroine . . . in each book a different knight is treated, and in the other three a central figure hardly exists. . . ." In other words, the technique of Romains, of John Dos Passos and Leane Zugsmith in America, of Huxley's "Point Counter Point," is at least as old as Edmund Spenser. Modern fellows, those Elizabethans.

MAX GONFALON.

Union City, N. J.

Sleepy Time Gal

Sir: Next to being tester in a mattress factory I'd like to be the fellow who does the preparation for the Criminal Record —hence

The Professor's Dream

A very tired French professor
Said to me, his chief confessor,
"Had I my choice when I retire,
Before I mount the funeral pyre,
Of jobs to cheer my waning days,
I'd satisfy a lifelong craze
And live in good old New York City:
There you'd find me, sitting pretty,
Gay new novels scattered round
On my desk and on the ground.
Every hour you'd find me 'working,'
Never there accused of shirking.
I would make the pace be steady
Till I'd 'The Criminal Record' ready!"

KAY MACKINNON.

London, Canada.

[Editor's note: Try it once and see how easy it is.]

Galsworthy Letters

Sir: I have been entrusted with the official Life of the late John Galsworthy and should be grateful for the publicity of your columns to say how much I should appreciate communications therefor from any quarter—whether in the way of personal reminiscences and anecdotes (which should be sent direct to me), or in the way of original letters (which should be sent to Maxwell E. Perkins, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York). Any letters so sent will be copied in New York under the supervision of Mr. Perkins.

H. V. MARROT.

The Oaks, 59 Park Side,
Wimbledon, London S.W. 19.

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The New Books

Fiction

COSMOPOLIS. By RUPERT CROFT-COOK. Dial. 1933. $2.

This is a curious performance, much of it very well done, but uneven and, sometimes, unhappily mannered. It is fundamentally an attempt to portray the miseries of youth in the tottering world of the wrecked social fabric of Europe. Its central idea is a Wellsian conception: the "Institut Utopia," a polyglot school set upon a mountain top in the Austrian Tyrol, intended to collect the sons of very wealthy parents from different countries, to train them to understand each other so that they may go forth as enlightened leaders to bring about universal peace. Its founder is a German Jew. Naturally, the scheme does not work.

As a story the school soon becomes merely a background for the passionate love affair of one of the boys with a remarkable young English lady of great sophistication. This is handled with considerable dramatic power and understanding, to a tragic conclusion. It is a profoundly pessimistic book. It ends with the original peasant inhabitants of the "dream mountain" in possession—as the one stable, unchangeable element in a chaotic world.

Sports

MODERN TENNIS. By HELEN HULL JACOBS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.50.

BETTER TENNIS. By HAZEL HOTCHKISS WIGHTMAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $1.75.

Helen Hull Jacobs, winner of the National Women's championship and countless other tennis titles, has written a book on her favorite sport, in the first part of which she discusses fundamentals for beginners, the different strokes, their variation and execution. The second part treats the intermediate stage of tennis, stressing tactics and court position. Match play and professionalism are then taken up. Miss Jacobs writes in a rather school-girlish but not unpleasant style. If you are a sports page addict you will enjoy her sections on match play, the "inside" stories of what really happened on the court. It is hard to believe that books of this sort really help beginners, even with their very clear illustrations, but Miss Jacobs will certainly whet enthusiasm.

"Better Tennis" fails to present the theory of the game as interestingly as does Miss Jacobs. Mrs. Wightman briefly sketches her own career, which also led to national championship, but one does not feel the excitement that comes with Miss Jacobs's descriptions of match play. In the back of both books are the rules of lawn tennis, with cases and decisions for example. These should prove a boon to those whose summer afternoons on the courts, despite the gentlemanly pretentions of tennis, are filled with dispute. Mrs. Wightman includes a list of tennis slogans and maxims.

Religion

THE SENSIBLE MAN'S VIEW OF RELIGION. By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES. Harpers. 1933. $1.

In this, the tenth volume to appear in the Harper's Monthly Pulpit series of prominent preachers, Dr. Holmes makes a decidedly characteristic appearance. He is introduced enthusiastically, although somewhat ambivalently, by a kindred spirit, Rabbi Wise, as the "most religious of the humanists and the most humanistic of the religionists." Following upon this, the vigorous leader of the Community Church in New York runs the gamut of ethical problems and attempts to present a cross-section of the varied insights which he possesses. The attempt in the main is successful, for in it is seen the topical, contemporary, more or less humanistic note which is characteristic of much of his preaching. Problems such as those of a friendly universe, the moral life, fear, happiness, sex, as well as religion *per se*, are frankly discussed, although perhaps the solutions are too facilely arrived at. The sermons in this series are not of such enduring worth as to be considered timeless, hence it would no doubt be of help to the reader if they were dated.

Latest Books Received

FICTION

The Forbidden Territory. D. Wheatley. Dut. $2. *P. C. Richardson's First Case.* Sir B. Thomson. Crime Club. $2. *A Dream of John Ball.* W. Morris. Longmans. $1.40. *News from Nowhere.* W. Norris. Longmans. $1.40. *The Best Short Stories of* 1933. Houghton. $2.50.

BELLES LETTRES

Greybeards at Play. G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward. $1.

BIOGRAPHY

D. Valera. D. Gwynn. Dut. *Selected Letters of George Edward Woodberry.* Ed. W. de la Mare. Houghton. $3.50. *Frank Forester.* W. Southworth Hunt. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club. *Queen Elizabeth.* By M. Creighton. Longmans. $2. *Southwest on the Turquoise Trail.* Ed. A. B. Hulbert. Stewart Commission & Denver Public Library. $5.

FOREIGN

L'Affaire Eulenburg. M. Baumont. Paris: Moysset.

INTERNATIONAL

A View of Europe, 1833. P. van Zeeland. Johns Hopkins Pr. $1.75.

PHILOSOPHY

The Great Enigma. H. H. Schauinsland. Dut. $1.25. *The New Psychologies.* R. Allers. Sheed & Ward. $1.

POETRY

Selected Poems of George Edward Woodberry. Houghton. $2.50.

RELIGION

Christianity in Celtic Lands. D. L. Gougoud. Sheed & Ward $5.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict.*
DEATH WHISPERS *Joseph B. Carr* (Viking Press: $2.)	Introducing Oceola Carr, the fat detective, in a tale of murder near Boston done in goofy gothic style.	More here than ever met the eye of most mystery readers, from lush language to crazily clever sleuthing.	Amusing
FORBIDDEN TERRITORY *Dennis Wheatley* (E. P. Dutton: $2.)	American adventurer jailed by Reds for invading forbidden Soviet lands in search of Czarist jools sends cryptic call for help, and loyal friends respond.	Those who believe almost anything can happen in Russia will find it all happening here, knives, machine guns, brutal kommissars, *et. al.*	Exciting
THE PRODIGAL DUKE *Richard Hoffman* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Young New Yorker follows girl with lovely "patrician ankles," finds dead taxi driver and 57 varieties of adventure.	Recrudescence of "Prisoner of Zenda" style romance presages Hope for weary world.	Pretty good
SLEEPERS EAST *Frederick Nebel* (Little, Brown & Co.: $2.)	Presence of murder witness on way to trial makes night eventful for other Pullman passengers.	The author's railroad stuff is authentic. He tells a hard-boiled story excitingly and is good at characterization.	Favorably inclined
ASK A POLICEMAN *Berkeley, Kennedy, Rhode, Mitchell, Simpson, Sayers* (Morrow: $2.)	Rhode plants crime: wealthy publisher shot. Other authors exchange sleuths, provide 5 alternative solutions.	Dorothy Sayers does wonders with adopted Roger Sheringham; other sections vary in expertness. Kennedy's conclusion poor.	Good stunt for fans
P. C. RICHARDSON'S FIRST CASE *Sir Basil Thomson* (Crime Club: $2.)	London bobby sees elderly miser "accidentally" killed; finds his wife murdered in miser's antique shop.	Author, formerly in charge C. I. D., shows how the Yard really works; includes best quality London atmosphere.	Very good

COOL READING for WARM DAYS

True North
by Elliott Merrick

Two adventure-filled years among the snowy mountains, mighty rivers, and hearty people of Labrador. "Through the pages blow spruce-fragrant winds, clean, life-giving, invigorating."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.75

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Lose With a Smile
by Ring W. Lardner

Illustrated by 'Gene McNirney

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at your bookstore Scribners

THE ARYAN PATH
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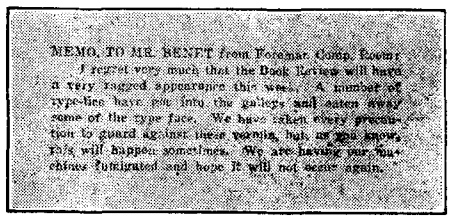
The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE IDES OF MARCH

IT was the Ides of March in the year 1920 when I first met *Royal J. Davis*, now chief editorial writer of *The New York Evening Post*, and *Amy Loveman*, then his assistant on the old *Book Review* of that newspaper. The consulship of Plancus—viz: of the redoubtable and much-beloved *Edwin F. Gay*—had begun, in the history of that great journal. His chief lieutenant was *Donald Scott* whom I had known previously in my years before the war on *The Century Magazine*, as his father, *Frank Scott*, was for long the eminent head of the Century Company. Mr. Gay had asked *Henry Seidel Canby* to take charge of the *Book Review* in the Spring and thoroughly to reorganize it into a new type of literary supplement. Great good fortune had come to me in that I, then at work on a magazine in Washington, D. C., was asked to come to New York, take over the *Book Review* temporarily until Mr. Canby could shake loose from New Haven, and thereafter serve as his associate editor. I remember distinctly that the first morning I was to report to the *Post*, I got down to Vesey Street earlier than anyone else and wandered about in the old library waiting excitedly for my assignment. Once I had met the urbane and humorous Mr. Davis I knew that all was well, a confidence increased by my first meeting with Miss Loveman who was destined to become the *sine qua non, ne plus ultra*, and one Indispensable of the later *Literary Review* and the still later *Saturday Review of Literature*. My first excitement was when Mr. Davis told me to take something up to the composing room. Strange as it may seem I had never been in a newspaper composing room before and hadn't the slightest idea where they hid away this esoteric territory on the *Post*. But I climbed around on the stairs until I found it! I reproduce herewith text of the immediate "horsing" I received from that King of Composing Room Foremen, old *"Bill" Barron!*


MEMO. TO MR. BENÉT from Foreman Comp. Room
I regret very much that the Book Review will have a very ragged appearance this week. A number of type-lice have got into the galleys and eaten away some of the type face. We have taken every precaution to guard against these vermin, but as you know, this will happen sometimes. We are having our machines fumigated and hope it will not occur again.

ENTER MR. MORLEY

Glancing at the old files I note that about the middle of March our front-page-spread on the *Book Review* was headed in large type: *Why Should I Visit America? Asks G. B. Shaw.* I think the first front-page head I myself contributed was *Lord Fisher's Thunder-and-Lightning Biography*, to accompany a review written by a charming Englishman turned American journalist, then one of our standby reviewers, *Stanley Went*. On the back-page in those days I took over the compilation of a column of book news called simply *Books and Authors*, wherein lay the germ of Kenelm Digby's *Literary Lobby*, that later ran for years. *The Lobby* was first written alternately by *Christopher Morley* and myself, and still later taken over almost wholly by myself, as Mr. Morley's columnar tasks and sidelines became too absorbing. Christopher Morley had been installed by Mr. Gay as official columnist of the newspaper, running his *The Bowling Green* every weekday. He had come to us from the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and was already the author of a number of delightful books. He was of inestimable help in the early days of *The Literary Review* of *The New York Evening Post*. He evolved the title "The Literary Lobby" for our column of book-notes and also the signature *Kenelm Digby*, resurrecting that past worthy from the limbo of famous literature.

EARLY CONTRIBUTORS

I note that the beginning of May we published for the first time in America a certain poem by *A. E. Housman*, which he had written in memory of a member of his own family who fell in the Great War. It was accompanied by an article on Housman by *Malcolm Cowley*, one of our earliest contributors, and now well known as a poet and one of the principal editors of *The New Republic*. In a box on page 8 of the issue of May 15 is a dialogue in verse, "The Crooked Stick," by *Elinor Wylie*, the first poem of hers to appear in any periodical and included in her first book, "Nets to Catch the Wind." The front-page head I am proudest of devising was "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" for May 29, to accompany a review of *Joseph Conrad's* "The Rescue." On the front page of the issue of June 12 *Amy Loveman* reviewed the summer-season books and *Elinor Wylie's* well-known poem, "A Proud Lady," appeared under the title of "Pâte Tendre."

Mr. Canby came to us the beginning of July, after Yale's academic year had closed. On the back page of the August 14 issue the name *Kenelm Digby* was first signed to "The Literary Lobby." September 11th was the date that saw the change from the *Book Review*, without masthead, to *The Literary Review—New York Evening Post*, listing Mr. Canby as Editor and myself as Associate. Immediately we perceive the eminent reviewing names rallied by Mr. Canby: *Wilbur Cross*, now Governor of Connecticut, *Joseph Wood Krutch*, the late *Lee Wilson Dodd, William McFee, Émile Cammaerts, G. K. Chesterton, Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Herrick, Clarence Day, Jr., Mary Austin*, and many others. We announced essays by *Hergesheimer, John Livingston Lowes, Chauncey B. Tinker, Zona Gale*, and *James Branch Cabell. Desmond McCarthy* (the "Affable Hawk" of *The New Statesman* in England) was to contribute a series of London Letters, and other correspondence from foreign countries was arranged. The first London Letter we published was by *E. V. Lucas*. The first volume of poems we reviewed was by *Aldous Huxley* .A new department of causerie was instituted, *The New Curiosity Shop. Ernest Boyd* conducted our "Literature Abroad." The new books began to be attended to in a classified list in much the same manner as they are treated today. Mr. Canby took up the task of writing front-page editorials. As before this time, *Mrs. May Lamberton Becker* conducted the *Reader's Guide* and *Mr. Frederick M. Hopkins* our Rare Books Department. That remarkably talented Danish draughtsman, *Ivan Opffer*, continued to give us his extraordinary caricatures of literary celebrities, as he had, with more space at his disposal, on the old *Book Review*. *Louis Untermeyer, Ben Ray Redman, Allen W. Porterfield, H. W. Boynton, H. L. Pangborn*, and the aforementioned *Malcolm Cowley* were regulars on our reviewing staff. Early in October an emblem distinctive of *The Literary Review* made its first appearance on the dateline and masthead, a tiny pegasus reproduced from an old Syracusan coin. In the same month I am proud to remember a leading article by *Heinrich Mann. Allan Nevins* and the late *Gamaliel Bradford* were taking care of the realm of American history and biography for us, and surely no two writers more expert in their several fields could well have been found. Our typography and make-up left certain things to be desired in those days, but we were, at least, variegated and unexpected!

I must not spend too much time on this phase of ours, but may in passing recall a few high spots. A review of *Sinclair Lewis's* "Main Street" written by *Carl Van Doren*, "The Seventh Victorian" (written with reference to *Max Beerbohm's* "Seven Men,") by *William McFee*, "The Taboo in Literature" by *James Branch Cabell*, "Delights of a Reader" by *John Masefield*, "Job the Rejected," by *Edwin Arlington Robinson*, "To a Young Author," by *Lord Dunsany*, "The Pioneer Myth," by *Sinclair Lewis*, *Theodore Roosevelt's* Letters reviewed by *Viscount Bryce*, a drawing of "The Tree of Knowledge," by *Norman Jacobsen*, "Petitpas Memories" by *John Butler Yeats, John Livingston Lowes's* review of *Amy Lowell*, "The Autogenesis of a Poet" by *Christopher Morley*, "Smollett—Two Centuries After" by *Wilbur Cross*, "Memories of John M. Synge," by *Padraic Colum*, some of *Charles Kessler's* books-conveyed-in-cartoons, certain drawings by *Gluyas Williams*, "The Way of the Translator" by *Ernest Boyd*, and so on.

Along in 1921 a little book of twenty-one editorial essays by the three editors, the Chief, *Amy Loveman*, and myself, was published, and a year's subscription offered, together with the little book, for three dollars. And so we swam along, really getting better and better, and more and more shaken-together into compactly readable form, until in the beginning of 1924, the late *Mr. Cyrus K. Curtis* bought *The New York Evening Post* and began to evince a desire to turn *The Literary Review* into "something else again."

LEAVING THE *POST*

Mr. Canby determined to establish the journal of his own creation independently, and this he succeeded in doing, with *Time, The Weekly News-Magazine* as our business manager. Our new offices were with them, over at 236 East 39th Street in an old converted brewery—shades of King Gambrinus! We flitted from *The New York Evening Post* in May, taking with us *Noble A. Cathcart* as our Advertising Manager, he who had been the hard-working Circulation Manager of the old *Post*. *Henry S. Luce* and the late *Briton Hadden* of *Time* were our President and Secretary-Treasurer. The distinguished *W. A. Dwiggins* of Boston was called in to advise us typographically. On August 2, 1924, our first issue under the new dispensation appeared, titled *The Saturday Review of Literature*. And after only seven months independent establishment we could record a circulation of 23,000. The first poem we printed was by *Edwin Arlington Robinson;* and *William McFee, Bertrand Russell, Oswald Garrison Villard, Mary Austin*, and *Richard Aldington* were among our first contributors. *The Bowling Green* was established as our new Contributing Editor's, Mr. Morley's, regular weekly department. (His departure from the *Post* had been slightly prior to ours.) *Christopher Ward* began to contribute a series of regular parodies of outstanding current books. And *The Literary Lobby* on the back page became *The Phœnix Nest*, which I first signed with my initials. *Mr. Hopkins's* department of *Book Sales and Rare Books* was metamorphosed into *The World of Rare Books*. Toward the end of December Mr. Morley suggested the title *Cursive and Discursive* for an extra column I began to do, signing it *The Phœnician*. The following June I switched *The Phoenician* signature to end *The Phœnix Nest*. Mr. Morley at this time was occasionally contributing as an adjunct to his regular work, a compilation of clippings known as *The Salad Bowl*. The phenomenal *Parvis E. Glandibus Quercus* had not entered the book business yet!

(To be continued)

The remarkable collection of rare English Dictionaries, Grammars, and Phrase Books which Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach has placed on exhibition at the Free Library of Philadelphia on the occasion of the joint meeting of the Pennsylvania Library Club and the Special Libraries Council of Philadelphia is one of the finest in the world. It provides an absolutely comprehensive key to the speech and customs of England from the time of Chaucer to the later years of the seventeenth century, especially those of the richest period of English literature, the age of Shakespeare.

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in the N. Y. Evening Post

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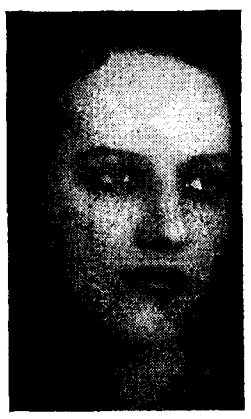

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

J. F. C., Catonville, Md., asks for "a work on economics, preferrably with a distinctly liberal viewpoint, which would stress the current problems such as the banking-monetary question, tariff theories, overproduction, the consumer-producer relation, public utility problems, corporation practice and its effect on trade. You can find all these discussed in such an excellent work as Ely's "Outlines of Economics," but submerged in a mass of material which I judge to be of secondary importance."

THE book required seems to me to be Broadus Mitchell's "Preface to Economics." It was published this year by Holt, and though a larger work than the title might indicate, is not too bulky for this reader's purposes. It is a book for the times.

M. P. S., Cambridge, Mass., says that last summer's trip to Greenland opened the eyes of her boys to the scientific side of life about them, and as they are to spend the summer on an island in Maine, a book is indicated that would introduce the "beach critters," simple, but one that would help a parent to brush up his biology.

"Seashore Life," by Alfred Mayer (Lippincott), is a small book about animal and plant life, reliable but less comprehensive than the large and widely-known "The Sea Beach at Ebb Tide," by Augusta Arnold (Century), which is elaborately illustrated. Between the two is an excellent book to make a young person feel at home with crabs, lobsters, and their kin. "Dwellers of Sea and Shore," by William Crowder (Macmillan), one of a nature series introducing their subjects.

H. E., Columbus, O., who asked for memoirs of diplomats, wishes also novels of diplomatic life. These are not so easy to come by, and at present I know of but one in print in this country that takes place altogether in diplomatic circles, "The Secret Envoy," a Washington, D. C., story by Maude Parker (Bobbs-Merrill). The heroine of "Peking Picnic," by Ann Bridge (Little, Brown), was married to an Orientalist attached to the British Legation. Other diplomatic novels will be welcomed.

THE Doubleday, Doran Book Shops in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, have been asked for a book neither they nor I recognize, and if a reader of this department does so, please reply to the inquirer directly, to save time: A young married couple start on a trip around the world and stop off at the Canary Islands where their child is born; they stay six weeks and go on with the six-weeks-old baby. It was probably put out some two years ago.

WALTER KLINEFELTER, Glen Rock, Pa., announces the imminent appearance of a privately printed book that I am delighted to welcome. A good while ago Harry L. Smith, the distinguished librettist, wrote for a magazine long gone out of existence a story called "How Sherlock Holmes Solved the Mystery of Edwin Drood." I remember shouting for it in this column, considering it to be the best brief treatment of the best detective story in existence, and a masterly piece of double parody; the close, when Holmes has settled the case, dismissed Watson, and dug himself in for a happy evening alone—and as the sure means to happiness reaches for "Drood" to read it over again, is the one untouchable touch of Droodianism. Now Mr. Klinefelter, who has already printed a lovely pamphlet about Pennsylvania Dutch cookery, restores this gem to the reading world. By permission of Lady Conan Doyle, a first edition of not more than 250 copies is offered at a modest price.

H. H. W., New York, asks for a book on Voodoo, to follow William Seabrook's "Voodos and Obeahs," by Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Dial), follows "The Magic Island" so firmly that it steps, not without intention, all over its heels. The author has spent many years in research and six in Jamaica, and this book—of which there have been three printings since it appeared in December, 1932, is a well-motivated and carefully conducted scientific study of phases of West India witchcraft. It differentiates the origin and intentions of Myalism and Obeah, now often intermingled.

K. M. S., New Britain, Conn., asks for a list of books on Chicago, "the city, its dining places, and all that," also books on herb gardens. The latest book for intending visitors to the Century of Progress is "All about Chicago," by J. M. and Ruth Ashenhurst (Houghton Mifflin), a little book about the city past and present, with a chapter on the Exposition long enough and explicit enough to permit a visitor to plan his time to advantage before arrival. For little children there is an amusing guide to the children's part of the great show, "The Magic City," by Dorothy Aldis (Minton, Balch) in which a boy and a girl are escorted around the "enchanted island" and to the features in which children will be especially interested. As there is in every city a children's hidden city to which a separate guidebook could be written, it is no more than fair that the temporary metropolis on the Lake should have a guide to this district. For restaurants "and all that," try "Dining in Chicago," by John Drury (Day), and the same author's "Chicago in Seven Days" (McBride). There is a brilliant and amusing wall map of Chicago, by Chapman and Turzak, in five colors not counting local, published by Houghton Mifflin.

A list of books A list of books on Chicago in general should include at least a few other new arrivals, of which the largest is the box of four novelettes under the title "Old Chicago," by Mary Hastings Bradley (Appleton), the latest set to continue the series inaugurated by Edith Wharton's "Old New York." "Chicago's Great Century," by Henry Justin Smith (Consolidated Publishers), is a rapidly moving story of the city's history; it is especially interesting to follow his contrast of the two great Fairs. Everything that Mr. Smith writes about Chicago lives and breathes, but his "Deadlines" (Harcourt, Brace), a set of sketches of newspaper personalities, is already one of the classics of journalism. And "The Opera Murders," by Kirby Williams (Scribner), calls attention to the number of violent deaths possible to sopranos on the stage by mysteriously killing three in Chicago by like methods in a detective story.

As for the second question, "Gardening with Herbs," by Helen Morgenthau Fox (Macmillan), is the latest of the herb books, a large, comprehensive and inspiring manual, lovely to look at. "The Magic of Herbs," by Mrs. Lyell (Harcourt, Brace), is now out of print, but we have "The Fragrant Path," by Louise Beebe (Macmillan), which is all about sweet-scented flowers and leaves and is good for the old herbalists, and "The Scented Garden," by E. S. Rohde (Hale). These cost less than four dollars apiece and are freely illustrated. Your true amateur of gardening always manages somehow to buy books in his special field, like Durtal in J. K. Huysman's "The Oblate," who said to Mme. Bavoil, "The fact is, having a garden, I thought it would be wise to buy all sorts of horticultural dictionaries old and new; and thanks to the colored plates, I managed to identify each plant by name." This, by the way, is a curiously interesting novel. Dutton publishes it.

And *K V. V., Scarsdale, N. Y.*, says:

If Mr. Ben Douglas of Trevlac, Indiana, really wants to know about alkinet, an old "Gerard's Herbal," under the head of "bugloss," will tell him that "no good gentlewoman in the land that would do good should be without a store of bugloss ointment." JOHN OF ARDEN *says, "The gentlewomen of France do paint their faces with it, using the roots." The color did not last long. The recipe for ointment sounds pretty bad, earth worms being one of the other ingredients. In Elizabethan days alkanet grew plentifully in 'the drie ditch-banks about Piccadilla' (Piccadilly). This is a slight digression from your department, but bypaths are often very pleasant.*

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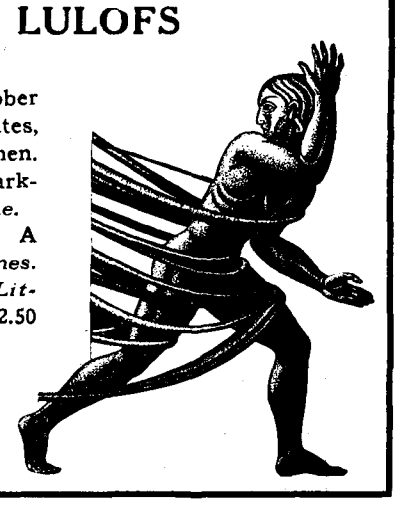

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

IOWA

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith reports on poetry and painting from the state which has given birth to *Herbert Hoover*, *Bruce Bliven* of *The New Republic*, and that noted apiarist, *Ruth Suckow*. Her remarks on *Grant Wood* are just cryptic enough to stimulate our curiosity further. Will Mrs. Smith interview more of the friends of Mr. Wood who see "calves' livers and pigs' brains" lurking in the folds of his canvases? Doubtless she can find a whole packing house in Mr. Wood if she looks far enough:—

Grant Wood, Iowa painter, is holding a one man exhibit in a Chicago gallery this month. His work always attracts attention. Those ladies not caricatured in his D. A. R. and Iowa Gothic presentations profess to understand and admire his non-representative art, while strong men refuse to be "shushed" by apologetic wives. One such spoke of "calves' livers and pigs' brains" while looking at "Herbert Hoover's Birth Place" at a local gallery. Happily one man's meat may be fine art to the other members of his family. A most decorative interpretation of the hills around Cedar

Jacket Design by Grant Wood for the new edition of Vardis Fisher's "In Tragic Life" (Doubleday, Doran)

Anita Browne, founder and organizer of National Poetry Week, sends congratulations to the Iowa federation poetry chairman for being the first state chairman to set one day apart for honoring native poets. All Iowa Poetry Day was celebrated in Des Moines, May 27, with more than two hundred poets and writers of verse in attendance. KSO, the Des Moines *Register* radio station, broadcast poems by some of the best known Iowa poets outside of Des Moines, both afternoon and evening. *Edwin Ford Piper* contributed poems from "Barbed Wire and Other Poems." *Janet Piper's Saturday Review of Literature* poem of several weeks ago, "To My Son," was broadcast in a program completed by *Don Farran*, Gypsy poet of Hampton. *Jay G. Sigmund* of Cedar Rapids, *Maude Ludington Cain*, Marshalltown, *James Hearst*, Cedar Falls, *Raymond Kresensky*, Bellevue, *Anthony F. Klinkner*, Dubuque, *Professor Clyde Tull* and *Jewell Bethwell Tull*, Mt. Vernon, *Mildred Fowler Field*, Cedar Rapids, *Sadie Seagrave*, Oakdale, and *Edward Rowan*, president of the Little Galleries, Cedar Rapids. Des Moines poets were hosts, with the *Register*, KSO, Drake University, and the Iowa Press and Authors' Club cooperating. *Forrest Spaulding*, Des Moines Librarian, presided at the banquet, and *Dr. D. W. Morehouse*, president of *Drake University* and discoverer of Morehouse comet, presented the guests in the afternoon program. Tea was served by visiting poets and Faculty Dames in the Drake Lounge.

We were pleased to note that a poem by *Arthur Davison Ficke*, of Davenport and New York, had the place of honor in *The Saturday Review of Literature* at the beginning of National Poetry Week and that Janet Piper held that honor at the close of it. Mrs. Piper is the wife of Edwin Ford Piper, State University of Iowa, Iowa City.

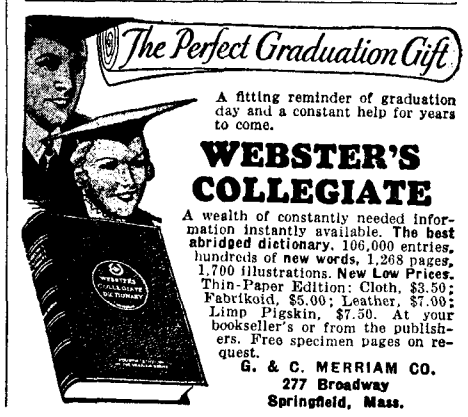
Paul Engle, Cedar Rapids, author of "Worn Earth," published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, Co-editor with *Harold Cooper of* "West of the Great Waters," won the Century of Progress prize for his poem in *Harriet Monroe's* magazine, *Poetry*. Rapids has been hung in the Jocelyn Museum in Omaha, and it is reported that Grant Wood has been secured to make the scenery for the Omaha presentation of a new play that portrays *Brigham Young* and his numerous wives during their residence in Council Bluffs, just across the river from Omaha.

MINNESOTA

A. Louis Orenstein, an assistant in the St. Paul Public Library, burrows through statistical data to reach some conclusions about reading habits in the years of the depression:

The tremendous, Bunyanesque leaps in book circulation shown by libraries throughout the country, due to increased leisure, enforced and otherwise, constitute a phenomenon worthy of interpretation.

For example, a comparison of circulation increases for the past five years in the central St. Paul Public Library reveals that the order of gains by class is as follows: fiction; magazines; sociology; music and the fine arts; language and literature; history; the industrial arts; the pure sciences; and biography. Several conclusions seem to be warranted by the findings. Recreational reading still remains the largest single class of reading. Most encouraging evidence is to be found in the great interest demonstrated in the fields of social and economic relationships, showing that people are seriously attempting to understand and grapple with present day problems. Finally, the trend toward increased reading in the cultural classes, such as literature, music, and the fine arts compares very favorably with that being done in the strictly vocational classes.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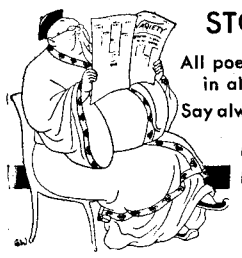

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Say always the same thing:
Here am I, darling,
But where art thou?

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus and Associates have received a good-humored protest from a publisher friend who feels that the Turn Table ("Trade Winds," May 27) rated his Sales Effort unduly low in respect to a certain book. How, he asks, can Quercus Associates arrive at so definite a conclusion without intimate investigation; and even if so, he adds, "the sales effort of a publisher is a delicate and personal thing. It may be likened to the physician's care of the new-born infant."

We must say at once that the figures set down in the Turn Table were not individual but averaged from the opinions of three fairly attentive observers. Perhaps it was misleading to name one column "Sales Effort." The intention was not so much to assess the attempts made to distribute the book as to estimate the actual result. How far has the book penetrated the Reading Public or saturated its market was the kind of question the score-keepers asked themselves. There was no more odium attached to the ratings than in the familiar list of Best Sellers.

We shall try to find a more accurate name for that particular column of the score-board; meanwhile, without any intention of wanton corn-treading, surely a frank comment from the side-lines can sometimes be interesting and even valuable?

☞Bill Britton, Coast representative for Doubleday, Doran, and Arthur Johnston, ditto for Little, Brown, are proud of their record in driving East for the annual sales conferences of their firms. They left Berkeley, California, at noon on May 20 in Mr. Johnston's Ford roadster. They arrived at the Hotel Duane, New York City, at 12.50 A. M. on May 29. Their actual driving time was 85 hours, their mileage 3,386. Overnight stops were Reno, Salt Lake, Parco (Wyo.), Denver, Pueblo, Wichita, Springfield, Ill., and Summit, Pa. They used 218½ gallons of gas, 19 quarts of oil; total operating cost $51.44. This beats their last year's record, and Messrs. Britton and Johnston hang it up with modest pride as a mark for book travellers to shoot at.

☞Another far-ranging traveller is Mr. Canby, editor of this *Review*, who writes to Old Quercus from Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. "Istrian wine," quotha, "is 3 dinars a gallon wholesale, and one dinar is 1½ cents. Serbian poets are bald with hooked noses. The Croatians are the handsomest people in the world." He sends us a photograph of a 16th century pastoral play being performed in Slavic in a palace; we can make out the back of the editor's head and also the occiput of H. G. Wells. Poor old pea-green Quercus, hard at work among the hot weather, likes best of all the editor's postcard showing a fanciful reconstruction of Diocletian's palace at the town which used to be called Spalato (after the palace, probably) and is now named Split.

☞Mr. Canby was to be guest of honor of the English branch of the P. E. N. Club at a dinner which will have been held (Old Quercus is very careful of his tenses) in London on June 13. The announcement says "The price of the dinner is 6/6, to be paid to the waiter at the time. No gratuity is included in this price, nor wine. There are no special rules about dress at P. E. N. functions. Evening dress, morning dress, tails or dinner jackets are all admissible." Mr. H. G. Wells is now the president of the London P. E. N., succeeding the late John Galsworthy.

☞That agreeable coterie in San Francisco known as the Literary Anniversary Club keeps its doings and membership very secret. It meets only on the anniversary dates of events memorable in literary history. On Friday, June 2, our San Francisco correspondent says, the L. A. C. met in the tap-room of the Stock Exchange Club to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Hardy.

☞Walter Klinefelter, of Glen Rock, Pa., announces "The private emission, for the promotion of gaiety among bibliophiles," of *How Sherlock Holmes Solved the Mystery of Edwin Drood*, by Harry B. Smith, well known librettist and collector. There are to be 223 copies at $1.50, 27 signed copies at $6.

☞Old Quercus was pleased, some time ago, by Norman Alexander Hall's catalogue of *Dollar Books for Collectors*, 67 Union Street, Newton Centre, Mass. "Dedicated to enthusiasts who would like to spend more if they had it." ☞The beautiful Sturgis mansion at 17 East 51 Street, now occupied by the Rosenbach Galleries, is a replica of a famous house in London, designed in 1722 by Robert Adam. The exhibition of Historic Love Letters now being shown there is thus fittingly and graciously housed. ☞The Book Notes of the University of Chicago Press are the only publicity sheets, so far as Old Quercus has ever noticed, that reach him on delicately perfumed paper. He has long meant to remark on this, but the scent is so volatile that by the time he gets around to write about it the faint sweetness has fled.

☞Querci, both old and young, extend hearty congratulations to Adolf Kroch of Chicago on his acquisition of Brentano's. The congratulations apply to the book trade in general, since Mr. Kroch's direction will provide a happy continuation of a famous business, and the sale eliminates the possibility of a sacrifice liquidation. Kroch's in Chicago is one of the leading bookstores of the world, and Mr. Kroch is one of the First Personages of the Trade. ☞Except to a possible few insiders, the appearance of Mr. Kroch's group in the bidding was a surprise, for his name had not been mentioned among the Dark Horses of the Apocrypha in any of the rumors which have circulated since Brentano's went into bankruptcy. ☞The sale took place in the chambers of the American Merchants' Association in the Woolworth Building. Over the referee's dais appeared the inscription: "To Foster the Trade and Welfare of New York." The sale, as conducted by the referee, Mr. Peter B. Olney, Jr., not only lived up to the motto but extended its application to all the other cities where Brentano's have stores. ☞Some of Mr. Olney's remarks deserve recording outside the legal reports. One confusing motion by a prospective bidder he denied with the comment: "I do not see the purpose of this motion, except to chill the ardor of the other bidders." A petition for delay, to allow certain Philadelphians time to formulate their bids, was likewise overruled. "Philadelphia," explained Mr. Olney, "is not far away." At a certain stage of pandemonium, Mr. Olney restored order by quietly asking, "May I interrupt a moment?" ☞Altogether a much more cheerful affair than Old Quercus imagined a bankruptcy sale could be; and the cheerful atmosphere was given substance not only by the fortunate result, but by the later announcement that the Messrs. Arthur Brentano, Senior and Junior, will continue with the firm.

☞The Kipling Society of the United States, Carl T. Naumburg, secretary, 333 Central Park West, will be glad to consider applications for membership. The president of the main branch of the Kipling Society (in London) is Major General Dunsterville who is the original of "Stalky." . . . The Society publishes a very interesting quarterly and circulates among members much information that would escape the casual reader.

☞Literary note: The officials who recently apprehended Waxey Gordon are reported to have found him in the middle of reading *The Industrial Discipline and the Governmental Arts*, by Rexford G. Tugwell of the President's Cerebration Committee. The book was open at the section on prohibition. Old Quercus recommends for Mr. Gordon's reading list *A Judge Takes the Stand* by Joseph N. Ulman, and *Your New Income Tax* by J. G. Herndon—although the latter book will have to be rewritten before next year.

☞Quercus, who is prompter on news literary than on news theatrical (in fact he has never been prompter in a theatre), has got around to seeing *Good-bye Again*, which, as many know, concerns the mishaps of a popular author in Cleveland during a lecture tour. We were particularly curious to know what book the stage-manager had supplied for the author to autograph. (A realistic touch is given this procedure by the delivery of the autographed copies to Halle's Book Store.) In our behalf William Rose Benét got the information from his wife, Miss Lora Baxter, now playing the feminine lead. Quercus was amused to learn that under a carefully lettered property jacket, reading "It Never Pours, by Kenneth Bixby," the book is *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*.

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